



# *The Sign*

*National Catholic Magazine*

August 1954-25¢

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Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

May we, for His honor and glory, and for the support of those laboring in His vineyard, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$ ) dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

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# LETTERS



### Annual Wage

It was most gratifying to read in the June issue of *THE SIGN* of your editorial agreement with us that "there is a strong moral case for the guaranteed annual wage." This, of course, is a position which the Congress of Industrial Organizations and those CIO unions which have made it a part of their bargaining programs have maintained for many years. We welcome your support.

I do not believe, however, that the difficulties of scheduling production in industries with seasonal peaks, so as to permit uninterrupted employment, are as great as you appear to feel. The Hormel Company, to which you refer, faced exactly that problem when its guaranteed annual wage plan was inaugurated. I am confident that labor and management, by pooling their collective brains and experience and working together in good faith, can find logical and reasonable solutions in every industry.

WALTER P. REUTHER

PRESIDENT, CIO

WASHINGTON, D. C.

It was heartening to note that your June editorial on annual wage guarantees concluded with the observation that "the worker wants security and status in society and will not rest content until he has achieved it."

This has too often been lost sight of in controversy on the merits and limitations of annual wage guarantee arrangements. We must be ever mindful that annual guarantees are not an end in themselves but rather one possible means of achieving increased employment stability.

If guarantees are not feasible in particular situations, other means must be provided to minimize the insecurity of irregular employment and to ease the demoralizing impact and financial strain of job layoffs.

Industry should become more co-operative in developing appropriate private policies for this purpose. Our government must be more responsive to the need for improved public measures. Such a combination could assure steady employment and income to permit workers to enjoy a consistent and comfortable standard of living throughout their working lifetime.

GEORGE MEANY, PRESIDENT

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

WASHINGTON, D. C.

### "H-Bomb Blues"

The editorial by Father Ralph Gorman, C. P., on "Those H-Bomb Blues," in the June issue of *THE SIGN*, presents in brief form the view which Catholics should re-

gard as most conformable to theological principles and to the statements of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII. Atomic weapons, particularly the H-Bomb, are fearful instruments of death and destruction, and it would be the ideal situation if all nations agreed never to manufacture them. Certainly the government of the United States would agree to this solution, if sufficient assurance could be had that all other governments would follow the same procedure. But as long as we have reason to distrust any promises given by the Soviet government, we are justified in making and retaining these powerful weapons, for the purpose of "legitimate self-defense," to use the expression of the Holy Father.

I trust that Father Gorman will continue to give the readers of *THE SIGN* similar lucid expositions of the Catholic attitude toward problems of current interest.

VERY REV. FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.S.S.R.,  
S.T.D., LL.D.

DEAN, SCHOOL OF SACRED THEOLOGY  
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

WASHINGTON, D. C.

### "Exile"

Thank you for that very fine story in the June issue of *THE SIGN* entitled, "Exile," by James A. Dunn. I felt it was one of the finest short stories I have ever read. In the words of Brother Camillus mentioned in the story, I find that I have very often confused "softness for charity" and mistaken my own "discomfort at the sight of discomfort for some nobler emotion . . ."

We have such a mistaken notion of ourselves.

READER

NEWARK, N. J

### Soft-heads and Fallacies

Please cancel my subscription to *THE SIGN*.

I could not depend on it as an organ of truth as pertaining to Economics, Labor Relations, etc.

Your idea of the workings of Unionism has all been taken from the propaganda as written by professional unionceers, soft-heads, and utopian professors. The theory is pretty if conditions and the needs of man only fit the theory! Half-truths are the worst kinds of deceit.

I find many fallacious ideas expressed on all economic subjects as contained in your magazine.

As a Catholic layman I find it very dis-

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# The Sign

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# Editor's page

## A Policy of Our Own

THERE'S been a lot of talk lately about disunity among the Western allies. The recent Churchill-Eden visit to the U. S. highlighted the fact that we Americans haven't been seeing eye to eye in all matters with our European friends.

We are strongly convinced of the importance of unity with our allies, but we are just as strongly convinced that there are some things worse than disunity. One of them is being led by the nose down a side street called "peace" or "coexistence" or whatever else into World War III.

The British and French seem at times to look on us as a sort of junior partner in the firm, an inexperienced tyro in international affairs who should follow their lead. They forget that their policies toward the Nazis were disastrous and that their present policies toward the Reds are leading in the same direction.

Psychologically, the British are back in pre-World War II days. Eden advocates a new Locarno Pact as if Locarno had meant anything but failure. In the Commons and in the press, spokesmen promote more parleys and new non-aggression pacts with the Reds, praise Molotov, tremble at a word from Nehru, demand admission of Red China to the U.N. and the betrayal of Formosa and Chiang Kai-shek, favor an invitation to Malenkov to visit London, and refer to Tito as a hero rather than a bloody-handed murderer.

In France, foreign policy is at such a low ebb that it is practically non-existent. The Assembly doesn't know what it wants, where it is going, nor what it can do, so it changes cabinets according to the mood of the moment. There are certain fundamentals common to all cabinets, but unfortunately they are weakness, appeasement, retreat, and compromise.

The Mendès-France government was apparently approved for the explicit purpose of making a sell-out compromise with the Reds. The Vietnamese were first oppressed and then betrayed. Several million anti-Communists, among them a million Catholics, in the Red River delta were abandoned to their enemies with hardly an expression of regret. On all sides one hears talk of a "third force" and expressions of wishful thinking about the neutralization of Germany. There is even an under-

current of feeling in some quarters that Uncle Sam is as big a villain as the Russian bear.

No sane man would advocate an American foreign policy in complete disregard of Britain and France, but with all due respect to these allies there are some matters in which we should adopt a strong and independent line.

It is high time we made it clear to all that we have no faith in parleys with the Reds at any level, high or low, nor will we rely on non-aggression pacts with people who do not honor their pledged word. We should declare forcefully that we shall not participate in acts of appeasement nor underwrite further concessions.

Furthermore, we should pursue a policy of power, not for aggression but for defense. Specifically we should make it clear to the Reds that we intend to increase and improve our output of nuclear weapons and we should not give them the impression that we don't intend to use them. In our opinion such an assurance would infallibly lead to war. Our bombs and bases are the biggest war deterrents we have. Until we can reach safe international agreements we shall have to arm to the teeth.

FINALLY we shall have to find a way to restore German sovereignty and to use German military power for the West. It will be better if we can do it with French consent, but it will have to be done anyway.

A strong and independent policy won't make us more popular but we're not engaged in a popularity contest. It won't lose us any friends because our friends need us more than we need them. In fact it will gain us friends. People may sympathize with the weak but they don't line up on their side. It's only human to leap on the bandwagon and join the winning side. The Reds have been capitalizing on that as the Nazis did before them. We can learn something from them.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*



## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



United Press  
Guatemalan Archbishop Mariano Arellano for years has been one of the leading anti-Red forces in that country. The Church has been in forefront warning of Red threat there



Religious News  
Christian marriages are for midgets, too. Willy and Melitta Blase, world-famous midgets, marked their 25th wedding anniversary by renewing their nuptial vows in Vienna

THE OPPENHEIMER affair highlights an occupational temptation of the "scientific" mentality. This mentality often treats "scientific method" as the only latchkey to authentic knowledge. Scientific method is the method of controlled experiment and objective recording of facts, a kind of camera's-eye view of things, a

literal reproduction of observed reality.

This same mentality often tends to discount the value of what it sometimes calls the "metaphysical" method. This is a method of investigation which probes the nonphysical world, a world that will not register on film nor dip the dial-hand of a meter.

No question, scientific method is valid in its field and has dug out knowledge which the metaphysical method could never have reached. It has discovered how to pick apart the heart of the atom as we pick the kernel out of a walnut. It has discovered how to knit it together again by baking it in a million degrees of heat. It has taught man how to be a healthy animal.

But it has not taught man how to be a good man.

What is needed in this project is a blueprint of a model man. Not in terms of poundage, or I.Q., or the pattern of his heartbeat. But in terms of conduct which measures up to the human soul.

Such things, for instance, as: a man's ability to submerge his own vanity in the interests of some larger social purpose. His willingness to abide by regulations, rather than make an exception of himself. His reluctance to pose as an expert in fields in which he is a rank amateur. His general versatility in pursuing standards of conduct which would be incomprehensible to the best-trained dog or the highest of the apes.

DR. OPPENHEIMER'S ill fortune seems to stem not from an overdose of "science" but from an underdose of supplementary "metaphysics." He could probably tell

### The Value of Metaphysics

you what you would find on Mars if you toured there in a space ship. Or what strange and wonderful mechanical toys kids will be tossing out of playpens three generations from now. Or how soon cameramen will be taking cover-girl quality photographs with radar-equipped cameras. Which means that Dr. Oppenheimer is an excellent scientist.

But in the opinion of colleagues and investigating authorities, Dr. Oppenheimer lied, he rashly opposed the development of security weapons, he was friendly with people who sought to harm his country.

From this they concluded that, while Dr. Oppenheimer was a great scientist, he was an unreliable citizen in certain areas of citizenly enterprise. He dealt more correctly with the atom than he did with himself or his country.

The doctor was cited as a very confused man. But, note,





N. Y. Daily News

Huck Finn revisited New York in the guise of Carlos Burgos, seen cooling his heels at Central Park lake. Even if the fish weren't biting, Carlos hasn't a care in the world



United Press

In Kansas City, Mo., the heat problem was more serious. At newly unsegregated Swope Park pool, attendance was way down from earlier years. But cooler heads may yet prevail

his confusion was not about the atom and *its* standards of behavior. It was about himself and *his* standards of behavior. It was about the value of candor, and wise caution, and the untechnical job of keeping the rules of citizenship.

The lesson of it all is that the physical scientist needs what everybody else needs. He needs a dash of metaphysics, to tell him some very important things which he can't see through a microscope nor calculate from mathematical tables.

Most scientists know of the need and have what it takes to meet it. But a sizable number do not.

And until they make up for this deficiency, all the scoffed-at medieval centuries can chuckle smugly back at them. After all, who is better entitled to complacency—the party who knows more about the heart of the atom? Or the party who knows more about the heart of man?

**W**HEN the Supreme Court delivered its epochal blow against segregation in the public schools, it gave a mighty impetus to a social revolution which has been developing here. Long before this decision, the continuing pressure of Negro Americans for full citizenship had broken many racial barriers. Opportunities

#### Segregation, an Expensive Luxury

for better education, employment, housing, and medical care multiplied in recent decades. But the Court decision will undoubtedly speed up the rate of progress.

In the light of these trends, it is useful to note one aspect of segregation which many persons overlook. Segregation is a tremendous economic burden laid upon taxpayers at a time when fiscal demands are already at astronomical levels. Listing some of these costs shows the high price of racial prejudice.

One of the most obvious burdens involved duplication of facilities. States which were unable to meet relatively modest

educational standards were further weighed down by the need to provide "separate but equal" programs for the colored. A town which might possibly support one fairly good high school had instead two low-grade institutions. Likewise there were two library, hospital, and public health systems.

Curiously enough, this wasteful duplication occurred in areas which had the lowest per person income in the United States. Thus we had the paradox of the states with the poorest schools devoting the highest percentages of tax money to maintaining such a system. The Court decision will be a long-run boon to such states, much as they may resent it at present. They can follow the practice, so helpful elsewhere, of having a few large central schools, instead of many scattered inferior institutions.

**A**NOTHER economic aspect of segregation involves housing and property values. We are quite familiar with the present-day "panic-and-run" practice in many cities.

#### The Making of a Slum

When a Negro family moves into a city block, the white property owners sell out and move elsewhere. In doing so, they suffer sharp losses in the sale of their homes. They must rebuild elsewhere at present-day prices. Moreover, they must help erect churches and other community facilities in their new neighborhoods.

Of course, if the property is rented rather than owned by the dwellers, they will not suffer these losses directly. But the landlords will either sell at a loss or try to rent to Negro tenants. In the latter case, there is a strong temptation to overcrowd the property, so as to keep net income high, even though individual tenants may not pay so much as the former dwellers. This in turn leads to slums and a deteriorated neighborhood.

To the extent that segregation fosters slums, it is to blame



Religious News

Christian ideal of womanhood is exemplified by these lay auxiliaries doing mission work in Kerak, Jordan. Members of a "secular institute" they take vows, dress like the laity



United Press

Red amazons on the march show how Communism has degraded womanly dignity, changing heart of the home to cog in machine



United Press

Phil Spitalny and his girl band have nothing on Sister Marcina and her all-Sister orchestra, unique in the United States

for the high social costs of blighted areas. Notoriously the incidence of crime, vice, delinquency, and disease is high in overcrowded sections. The community pays a high price, economically and otherwise, for permitting such conditions.

Another economic liability imposed by segregation is the loss caused by underemployment. A person is underemployed when he is not used in a position which employs his full skills and abilities. When a college graduate, equipped by both intelligence and training for professional work, must work as a waiter or unskilled laborer, precious talents are wasted. This is a tragedy for the individual concerned, but it is also a loss to the entire community.

When a qualified Negro doctor is denied admission to hospitals and membership in the local medical society, his patients are bound to suffer. They will not receive as good care as might otherwise be possible. They may remain sick longer or may not fully recover from accidents. Sickness and disability involve economic loss to the community.

Catholic writers have held segregation to be morally wrong. It is also a most expensive form of wrongdoing.

**P**ITCHERS have different deliveries, but they throw the same old baseball. In this connection, one might mention Hubbell and Feller. Fighters have different styles in their assault upon the midriff and chin of the principal in the other corner. But they all have the same cheerful design on him.

### The Fine Art of Backing Down

They aim to anesthetize him so that he will recline forgetfully on his shoulder blades for the space of ten seconds. As instances of varied execution in this field, the historian might cite Louis and Marciano.

We note this only to introduce a neglected point of historical commentary, namely, that statesmen can be stylists, too. They can deal out the same old appeasement, while playing their own favorite brand of military music or yodel-

ing their own special serenade of sweet reasonableness.

Anthony Eden and Premier Mendes-France may exemplify the phenomenon here.

There is, for instance, Mr. Eden's scheme of peaceful co-existence with Communism and of nonaggression pacts. This, of course, is appeasement. Actually, nonaggression pacts and peaceful coexistence with Communists is no more possible than nonaggression pacts and peaceful coexistence with mosquitos or streptococci. It is the nature of all these ir-reformable hooligans to harry humanity, intent upon the sucking of human blood and the battering of the human constitution. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Eden.

Then there is M. Mendes-France, new tenant of that shaky citadel, the French premiership. He undertook to present France with an honorable settlement of the Indo-China war or, alternatively, with his resignation.

This has proved to be the same package of appeasement that Mr. Eden offered. But while Eden put top-spin on his shot, Mendes-France may be said to have put back-spin on his. There was only one way for Mendes-France to get an honorable settlement from the Indo-China Reds. That was by fighting for it. He was clearly intent on something else. His "honorable settlement" meant as little as Eden's "peaceful coexistence."

Obviously, the United States needs a new assortment of allies. Friends who will give us security value for our security dollars. Not competitors who bleed us toward a condition of economic anemia under the pretence that they are earnestly pursuing an ever elusive security.

We get weary of urging it, but let us say again that we need more allies like Turkey and Greece. How about putting some really heavy backing on Spain, Western Germany, Pakistan, and the live members of E. D. C.?

As for the appeasers, with their stylistic diplomats, how about continuing being pleasant to them? But how about substituting smiles for a lot of aid dollars?



Two volunteer workers stand before War Relief Services—NCWC mobile clinic now operating in Hong Kong. Clinic aids poor refugees with whom the island colony teems

Religious News



Associated Press

Stankos Masic, 67, sacrificed his position as a Yugoslav judge for freedom as an honest Chicago laundry worker. Says Masic: "My new country has gladly given me its love."

**The Meaning of Peace.** This is the age of the twisted vocabulary. Words, like rules, are made to be broken, abused, contorted, perverted, and put on ice. And everybody's crowding the act—ad men, politicians, propagandists, and diplomats. But the word that has been beaten into the worst state of unrecognition is "peace." Christ knew what it meant and so did St. Francis of Assisi. But like the poker player who is lucky to get away with his trousers, modern man has come to be content with armed truces, policies of containment, co-existence, cold wars, and chillier paces. Before people know it, the world situation will have become so frigid that it will be hot. Hot with the heat of a nice, sizzling H-Bomb war. Unless the boys who are now playing semantic games look for the meaning of peace, not in the ice box, but in the heart of God.

**This Human Comedy.** Peace is not the only word that has been twisted. Two others are "comic" and "tragic." A leading comic book distributor, George Davis, now has the audacity to tell a Senate group investigating juvenile delinquency that a comic book cover showing a weird creature boiling human heads in a vat "isn't so horrible. It's comical." Meanwhile, a word of reassurance comes from Bishop Robert Dwyer, of Reno, Nevada. Said the Bishop: "It is a divine comedy which is being played upon the stage of the world. God has not grown weary of us; He only waits for us to find the golden thread of the plot."

**Compromise.** Wheat, corn, cotton, vegetable oils, and dairy products have been piling up on the government's hands by millions of pounds and costing the government billions of dollars. Secretary Benson pointed out that this isn't true abundance. "It is waste. It is bad management. It is almost a crime that cries to Heaven for correction." The root of the trouble has been the fixed price support, really an emergency, war-time measure. The House finally passed a compromise flexible support: 82½ to 90 per cent. A small change, probably not as much as is needed. Congress has hedged a long while; it took courage to turn even a little from the strong farmer vote. Said Eisenhower, wisely: "I know what is right for America is politically right."

**Noted Without Comment.** Declared Edward Kardelj, one of the Yugoslav Federal Executive Council's four vice presidents, this month: "Regarding foreign public opinion, I must observe that in the United States the public is now used to the religious situation in Yugoslavia. . . . The U. S. Government . . . is concerned only with our strategic position."

**School Days.** We have no reason to be smug about our education or take it for granted that we're getting the best. Walter Lippmann wrote in the *Atlantic*: "We know how to find dollars to defend ourselves, even if we must do without something else that is less vitally important. In education, we have not yet acquired that kind of will. But we need to acquire it, and we have no time to lose." Parents might well remember that they have the responsibility to see to the education of their children. They can't just leave it up to the schools.

**An Ounce of Prevention.** Dr. Page urges a "sweeping program of preventive medicine" for workers. Rather than have management treat the worker after he's sick, Dr. Page recommends regular, comprehensive surveys of the workers' reaction to stress and strain, his emotional factors, and sociological position. This plan could be a good application of Leo XIII's principle: "The employer must never tax his work people beyond their strength, nor employ them in work unsuited to their sex or age."



# Are Scientists Getting Religion?



Laplace looked at the heavens: "God? We have no need of that hypothesis"

There is no sound reason why scientists should ever have turned away from religion. Are they now, through their science, discovering God?

by **ANTHONY STANDEN**

SCIENCE by no means necessarily implies atheism, for there have always been scientists who were good Christians, often good Catholics. But, all the same, there is plenty of scientific atheism. It doesn't have to be that way, but that's the way it is, right now.

One may remember Laplace, the eighteenth-century mathematician and astronomer, who said: "God? We have no need of that hypothesis," as if God were a sort of dodge for explaining things. In the nineteenth century, many of the followers of Darwin (rather than Darwin himself) were delighted because the theory of evolution had apparently abolished the necessity of believing in any design in the universe.

In this century, here and now, a scientific education often results in a brash, hard-boiled attitude of "Don't

tell me any of that Sunday-school stuff about creating the world in six days, or Jonah and the whale! There aren't any whales in the Mediterranean anyway."

There is no very sound reason, of course, why scientists should ever have turned away from religion. There is no reason, either, why they should not return to it. If there is any validity to the "pendulum theory" of currently fashionable beliefs, one might look for signs that scientists are, by and large, abandoning the hard-boiled materialism that used to be fashionable for a faith more compatible to religion.

But are there any such signs? Are scientists perhaps discovering that the wonders of the universe which they spend their lifetimes studying are indeed wonderful and imply a Creator?

Are they coming to see that man, who is now as much an object of scientific study as anything else, is something more than just muscle and nerves and internal organs, but has a spiritual side as well? Are they, in fact, through their science, discovering God?

The answer has to be complicated. Yes and No, for there are many scientists, studying many different subjects. The answer may be one thing for astronomers and physicists, another for biologists, and yet another for those scientists who study man. In any case, one answer will only hold for some scientists in each field. On strictly sci-

tific subjects, scientists naturally nearly always agree, but when it comes to interpreting their findings they are, just as naturally, far apart from one another.

We may look first at the astronomers. Their science reaches out to the moon, the sun, the planets, the stars, and the most distant nebulae. It was the astronomer Laplace who started scientific atheism. He was engaged in deducing all the complex motions of the heavenly bodies as simple consequences of Newton's laws of motion. The entire universe appeared to be following mathematical rules. From this he drew the conclusion that there was no God.

NOW, less than two hundred years afterward, the universe is seen to be even more mathematical than before, and the mathematics is considerably more complicated. The conclusion drawn from this is quite different from that drawn by Laplace. If the universe works according to mathematics, then there must be, somewhere, what the British Astronomer Sir James Jeans called "The Great Mathematician." This is a cold, distant, impersonal replacement for the loving God who is our Father in Heaven—another British scientist has satirized it as " $\pi$  in the sky"—but there it is, and it is interesting to note that it is based on the same kind of foundation, the orderliness of the universe, that led Laplace to an entirely opposite conclusion!

Another interesting conclusion of modern astronomy is that the universe had a beginning. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," we read as the very first verse in the Bible. Astronomers now find evidence of what they call, in their dry, technical language, "a singular event," or, in popularized language, "the bursting of an enormous bubble" about four billion years ago.

A striking and unusual hypothesis of the English astrophysicist Hoyle is that hydrogen atoms are being created out of nothing, all the time, at random places throughout the universe. This is, of course, a purely scientific theory, neither supported nor denied by the Bible, infallible definitions, or anything else, and it will stand or fall purely on the scientific evidence. But it is notable that scientists are beginning even to think of such a thing as creation of matter out of nothing.

The science of biology, although very different, has gone through similar stages. All scientists study the marvels of the universe, and it is hard to say whether studying the myriads of forms of live creatures, or the stars or the atoms and electrons, shows more abundantly and obviously the glory of God through His handiwork.

The first great achievement in biology was the theory of evolution in the last

century, which appeared to show that all the forms of plants and of animals including man could have arisen by the working of "blind forces"—something like the clockwork universe of Laplace. The same conclusion was drawn: it is not necessary to assume the existence of "God." The later conclusion, that the forces themselves, even if they are "blind," stand in need of some explanation, has been slower in coming in this field than with the astronomers and physicists, and the general temper of biologists is still materialistic, not to say atheistic.

A notable exception among them is the late Lecomte du Noüy, who from the facts of evolution drew conclusions entirely different from those of the Darwinians. He was impressed with the extraordinary unlikelihood of all the changes that have taken place since the earth first cooled, primitive life first appeared, and then more complex forms of life, reptiles, birds, mammals, and



Creation: "The bursting of an enormous bubble" four billion years ago?

finally man himself. He presents detailed figures showing the virtual impossibility of the appearance, by chance alone, of even one molecule of a protein (a complex chemical substance necessary for life), let alone even the simplest of minute organisms.

He comes to the conclusion that "it is totally impossible to account scientifically for all phenomena pertaining to Life, its development and progressive evolution" and he admits that "these consequences lead inevitably to the idea of God." Du Noüy was received into the Church shortly before he died in 1947.

Herbert Spencer, in the nineteenth century, elaborated a social philosophy based on evolution. It stressed a grim,

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pagan "struggle for existence." Modern biologists have been modifying this dictum after noting that animals in nature are by no means preoccupied with cut-throat competition; far more often they co-operate. They live in herds, or flocks, or colonies, and even comparatively solitary animals are not so fiercely competitive as had been supposed.

Professor W. C. Allee, zoologist at the University of Chicago, said: "After much consideration, it is my mature conclusion, contrary to Herbert Spencer, that the co-operative forces are biologically the more important and vital."

And Professor Ashley Montagu, anthropologist at Rutgers University, concludes that the answer to the question—What is the nature of life?—"can be expressed in one word, co-operation: the interaction between organisms for mutual support in such a way as to confer survival benefits upon each other. Another word for the same thing . . . is love. Without co-operation, without love, it is not possible to live—at best, it is possible only to exist."

Here again, something seems not quite right. Co-operation isn't really the same as love! Love is vastly more than co-operation and incomparably better. But that science should have discovered even co-operation is an enormous forward step. As Professor Montagu expresses it, "It confirms a discovery made some two thousand years ago by one Jesus of Nazareth. In a word: it is the principle of love which embraces all mankind."

The sciences that deal with man have developed differently. They comprise a number of studies, such as experimental psychology, psychoanalysis, sociology, and cultural anthropology. They have never been through the Laplace and Darwin stage of reducing everything to a rather simple law, because mankind refuses to be reduced to any mathematical equation. In general, though, the scientific study of man has been done with a fierce materialistic bias.

PSYCHOLOGISTS never "discovered" that man has free will. The reason why they have not discovered free will is that they have not been looking for it.

They are trying to make of man the same sort of science as has been made of falling stones, of stars and planets, of atoms and electrons: all these things can be reduced to scientific laws, like the law of gravitation. There would be no hope of finding any laws of that kind

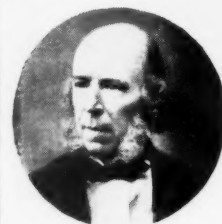
Ewing  
Gallwey



**Freud. Beyond libido  
—no love**



**Darwin. In evolu-  
tion, no God**



Bettmann Archive  
**Spencer: to exist,  
a pagan struggle**



**Blake's illustration for the creation of the world.  
"With a certain law and compass he enclosed the depths"**

Black Star



**Overstreet. Love:  
not possession**



British Information Service  
**Hoover. God: the  
mathematician**



**Dr. Nouy. The idea  
of God is necessary**

concerning man, if he had genuine free will, for then he would always be able to do something different from what the "law" said he ought to do.

But there is a vast difference between psychologists of the materialist sort and psychiatrists (and some psychologists) who are very practically trying to help people who need help. In this field a most important revolution has been going on, quietly and without much fuss, in the last ten to twenty years. It amounts to the re-discovery of love.

Under the influence of Freud and psychoanalysis there was only Libido—which is plain, primitive urge, naked, basic desire. And Libido *had* to be satisfied, by one outlet or another, and either directly or in sublimated form, or else repressions were the result. Now, although there are plenty of psychoanalysts who follow Freud more or less closely and are as fully concerned with Lower Things, there are plenty of scientists who have "love" in their vocabulary as well as "sex."

In the very best hospitals, superbly

equipped and sterilized to the point where you hesitate to breathe, it can easily happen that a baby develops an illness known as *marasmus*. It fails to grow properly, is dreadfully susceptible to infections, and seems to be wasting away. If the baby is sent home, even if the home is far less hygienic than the infants ward, it will at once throw off the infection and start to gain weight. What the hospital could not provide is love, and for babies love is absolutely necessary: they literally cannot live without it.

**C**HILDREN are only babies, grown a little older; they cannot grow properly without love. We adults are only grown-up children, and we cannot live without love either. Many an ill-adjusted man or woman who finds his or her way to a psychiatrist's office is suffering from an inability to love and an inability to be loved.

And "love" among the psychiatrists means much more than the "co-operation" of the biologists. Says Dr. Erich

Fromm: "To love a person productively implies to care and to feel responsible for his life, not only for his physical existence but for the growth and development of all his human powers."

Dr. Harry A. Overstreet puts it this way: "The love of a person implies, not the possession of that person, but the affirmation of that person. It means granting him, gladly, the full right to his unique manhood."

Some scientists have been developing a sort of bad conscience about the extent to which psychoanalysis seemed to concentrate on pathological specimens of humanity. Dr. Pitirim Sorokin, of Harvard, decided that it might give much more positive help if, instead of studying psychotics, neurotics, perverts, and the like, a study were made of positive characters, of exceptionally good people. He studied two groups. The first, a group of "American Good Neighbors" who had been discovered by means of a radio program, consisted of a number of people who led lives of astonish-

(Continued on page 66)



# Main Street, Africa



Kampala, the commercial and cultural center of Uganda. Mr. Maini (left), the mayor

Africa—a vast, dark continent of mystery and adventure—stirs with new life in a modern age. Here is a glimpse at Uganda

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

JUST a few miles north of the equator, Kampala, like Rome, sits astride seven hills. Driving into the city along the new Masaka highway, one visually crosses the center of the world, because the British protectorate government has painted a broad yellow stripe across the road, marking each end with a handsome spherical monument. Kampala itself is the commercial and cultural capital of Uganda, a center for light industry, and one of the few African cities where the native feels "at home."

Kampala has a pleasant climate because of its altitude (3,800 feet) and its proximity to Lake Victoria (seven miles). The city is almost entirely new, full of modern stores and factories, hospitals and schools, hotels and homes. Before the war Kampala counted 8,000 people and today numbers close to 40,000.

Kampala has come a long way in the last fifty years. When Captain Lugard climbed Old Kampala Hill—the name

means "the hill of the Antelope"—and planted the flag of the British East Africa Company in 1890, he was surrounded by malarial swamps, religious and civil war, and thousands of miles of unexplored and unknown territory.

The British government offices are today spread across the top of Nakasero Hill. The British are proud of the development that has come to Kampala and Uganda in the fifty years of Protectorate history. European, African, and Indian work side by side in gleaming and streamlined new buildings. The affairs of the five and a half million people of the Protectorate are administered by a Governor (Sir Andrew Cohen) and his Legislative Council (generally referred to as LEGCO), the parliament of Uganda.

This year, for the first time, two women are members of LEGCO. One of them, Mrs. A. J. Boase, with her husband, Dr. A. J. Boase, a British eye specialist, can be seen every morn-

ing at the early Mass in Christ the King Church. Mrs. Boase is also president of the Uganda Council of Women and a member of the Kampala Municipal Council. She has ten children, ranging from six to twenty-four, one of whom is in the Convent.

"I became active in civic life because I wanted to do something for African women," Mrs. Boase related. "Most of the African women here in Kampala are out of their natural surroundings. They worry me quite a bit. Back in the country, they took care of the family garden and were always busy. But here in the city they have a great deal of empty time on their hands. Through the Council of Women we are trying to get them interested in the arts of homemaking. But it's a big problem to reach them. For example, the Naguru Housing Development has fifteen different languages among its residents."

We spoke with Lakana Okot, a government clerk who lives in one of these developments. He has a two-room house



**Archbishop Cabana puts his hopes for the future on native leaders. "We white men are here for only a few years more"**



**Josephine Namboze, making dress for school, will be East Africa's first woman doctor**

with water and sanitary facilities, but no electricity. His salary is twenty-four dollars a month, from which he pays four dollars a month rent. Like Mrs. Boase, Okot too was troubled by the fact that women in the housing development have little to do.

"Many wives get into trouble," he said. "My wife has some children to take up her time, but even they do not keep her busy all day. If the government would only give us a little land where we could grow food. Even though we are in the city, we are all farmers at heart."

Steps are being taken to develop activities among the women of the housing estates. At Naguru and Nakawa, welfare workers give courses in housekeeping and child care. The women are encouraged to learn handicrafts, and the Uganda Council of Women, of which Mrs. Boase is president, has established a shop through which their handicraft products can be marketed. There are forty-seven women's clubs established in the Mengo district alone and these clubs have programs for literacy, baby care, hygiene, soil conservation, and cookery.

Mrs. Boase is also interested in the foundation of a hostel and social center for unmarried women workers in Kampala. The majority of Uganda's women workers make their way to the

city. The Government Department of Community Development works hard to bring fullness into the lives of Uganda's women despite much ignorance and misunderstanding of its program in a land where women have long been considered as a convenient type of domestic slave.

Mr. A. M. Maini, the mayor of Kampala, is an Indian. His family came to East Africa fifty years ago from India. He was born in Nairobi, Kenya, and educated as a lawyer. He arrived in Uganda in 1933 and since that time has almost exclusively devoted himself to public service.

"The Asian is becoming more and more a part of East Africa," the mayor declared. "Uganda is being developed as a native state, and what the future has in store for us I do not know. However, the rights of non-African minorities must be respected. All of us want to work for a greater Uganda."

Mr. Maini is full of civic pride. He boasts that Kampala is the best lighted town in East Africa, which is the actual fact. He points out the modern City

Hall. He describes the fine system of roads. He talks of the growth that will come to Kampala as a result of the newly completed Jinja hydroelectric plant. He extemporizes on the development of sanitation, the swamps that have been drained, the insects killed.

Mr. Maini's civic devotion is not exceptional. The Indian population of Kampala has a strong civic sense. The Indians are Hindus (70 per cent), Moslem (20 per cent), and Catholic (10 per cent). The latter are Goans, who for the most part lead lives independent of the rest of the Indian colony.

Typical of the Indians in Kampala is Prabhu Datt, who is general manager, director, and part owner of the prosperous Service Stores, which do \$7,500 worth of business a day. Mr. Datt came to East Africa from India as a poor twelve-year-old boy. The pattern of his life is like a typical American success story.

His company is the sole Kampala supplier of sugar, flour, and jaggery. It operates the only bonded warehouse in the city. His stores sell everything from cosmetics and jewelry to firearms and hardware. Mr. Datt lives in a fine home, is married, and has a son (ten) and a daughter (thirteen).

"I am no longer an Indian," says Mr. Datt. "I look upon myself as be-

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longing to Uganda. Here the people are good and there is more understanding than in other parts of East Africa. In Kenya, one all the time hears politics. In Kampala things are more peaceful and happy."

*Matalisi*, which means *Messenger*, is a Luganda paper edited by a young Episcopalian Muganda, George Kavuma, whose education has been equivalent to completion of our junior high school. George is married and has two boys, four and one-year-old. He went to work for the Uganda Printing Company ten years ago as a clerk. This company also prints the English paper, *Uganda Herald*. The company employs ninety men, practically all Africans, some of whom have been working there for over thirty years.

"I am trying to do two things," George told us in voluble English, which is the language of the Uganda intelligentsia. "I interpret *Matalisi's* role as educational and as a means of developing a community sense. We want our readers to feel that they are part of the whole world and not a little corner cut off from the rest of humanity."

Like all big cities in Africa, Kampala is a Mecca for natives from the backland. They come to Kampala from the overcrowded Belgian mandate of Ruanda-Urundi. They steal across the Congo border to escape back-breaking work on Congo roads and on the wealthy European coffee plantations. They come from Gulu and Fort Portal and Ankole. They all are attracted by the glitter and opportunities of the big city.

A large proportion of the migrants who pour in on Uganda and Kampala are young Luo men from Tanganyika and Kenya. They can be found in all types of employment, and make up practically all the waiters, bus boys, and the like, who work in the city.

Dismas Okech, a waiter in the Imperial Hotel, is typical of the many Luos in town. His home is in Kenya, just north of the Tanganyika border, in a place called Kisumu. He became a Christian and was baptized in Kampala by a Mill Hill Father.

"I do not like it here," Dismas said. "I want to go back to Kisumu. But here I have the chance to make some money. Not much money, but more than I could get at home."

Dismas earns fifty-five shillings a month. This, at the current exchange, comes to about eight dollars. The hotel provides Dismas with food and lodging. He claims that the food is "bad" and he must buy some on his own.

Some months he is able to save five or six dollars out of his meager earnings. He expects to have enough saved at the end of a year to go home and get married.

Rubaga Hill rises just outside the municipal limits, but it plays such an important part in the life of the city that for all practical purposes it is considered a part of Kampala. From this hill the Christian pageboys at the court of Mwanga were led off to the funeral pyres which brought them martyrdom. From this hill Stanley wrote his famous letter to the *London Daily Telegraph*. On this hill today stands the Catholic cathedral, the headquarters for the White Fathers and the heart of the Rubaga diocese.

The Cathedral itself is a massive, orange-red, brick building with square, twin towers. The two million bricks in the edifice were baked in White Fathers' kilns at the foot of Rubaga and carried up on the heads of natives. The Cathedral was begun in 1912 and finished in 1925 and is the twelfth church erected on the spot.

"This is the people's church," says

Archbishop Joseph Cabana, Canadian head of the Rubaga diocese. "All of them participated in its building. Even that grand old gentleman, Stanislaus Mugwanya, the Buganda Chief Justice, carried bricks up the hill every morning on his way to Mass."

Today one fourth of the population of Uganda—slightly more than a million and a quarter people—are Catholic. Protestants number about 600,000. There are a substantial number of Mohammedans. The remaining three million are pagans.

"While Protestants are pretty much at a standstill as far as growth goes," said the Archbishop, "Catholicism is still vital. Last year (1953) we had 46,000 catechumens in Uganda."

Archbishop Cabana is worried, however, about the future. There are growing nationalistic movements, such as the Uganda National Congress, many of which, while professedly anti-imperialists, are actually anti-white and anti-religious.

"The future will not get better," says the Archbishop. "Right now we are trying to lay strong foundations for the days ahead by building on the native clergy and native lay leaders. The greatest chance for success lies with our Catholic native leaders. They are in continual contact with the people. I tell them to Christianize the nationalistic movement. I encourage them to go to meetings, ask questions, bring out the Christian viewpoint. 'We white men are here for only a few years more,' I say. 'You are the ones to carry on!'"

One out of every four students who climb Makerere hill to the government-operated University is a Catholic. The Makerere students are drawn from East Africa's 220 tribes, living in an area larger than all of Western Europe. Makerere is a grand experiment offering



Mrs. Boase, mother and legislator, worries about African women in cities: they're too idle



Probhu Datt came to East Africa as a boy. Uganda is home. "I am no longer an Indian." His is the typical American success story



Simon Kiruruta, Chief Justice of Buganda. After red tape, a word on the weather



higher education in the arts and sciences. It is the goal of every African student who wishes to make something of himself.

Around the expansive campus one finds small groups of students, engaged in traditional collegiate bull sessions. English is the *lingua franca*. Here one meets a Masai or Luo or Kikuyu or Muganda. Some of the students have come to Makerere for what they can get for themselves, but the largest percentage are idealists—they are there to help their people.

"My people are backward," said a young Masai, who only a generation ago would have been proving his manhood by attacking a lion with nothing more than a spear. "They do not understand why I wish education. But education must come to my people. Those tribes who run away from education will be ruled by others who did not run. I do not wish this to happen to the Masai."

Not far from the Mill Hill mission center on the other side of town lives a young Makerere student, Josephine Namboze, who will become the first woman doctor in East Africa. Josephine belongs to a solid Catholic family of twelve children, and her father is a teacher engaged in training teachers. She is one of thirteen girls at Makerere.

When we called on Josephine in the little house where she resides with her family, she was busy making a dress which she would wear when Makerere reopened after vacation. She is a soft-voiced, gentle girl of twenty-two, speaking precise and beautiful English. With an outstanding intelligence, she had been able to get her education on scholastic scholarships, and most of it had been in Catholic schools.

"I think that greater opportunities of education should be made available for African women," she said. "Educate

a woman and you educate a whole family. A country can't progress unless its women are educated."

Josephine's ideas tumbled out as she talked. The place to teach equality is in the school. Boys should learn to treat women as their equals. They should be taught that the woman is the heart of the family.

"After all, an educated boy needs an educated wife if he is to respect her," she declared, giving the wheel of the sewing machine a spin. "We are raising up many educated boys, but where will they find wives? An educated boy doesn't want to marry a woman who believes in old tribal taboos, who won't eat eggs because they will deprive her of fertility."

Later, on Mengo Hill, where the Buganda government has its seat, we brought up the subject of women's education. But no one seemed interested. The Buganda officials had other problems on their minds, chiefly concerned with the British deposition of their Kabaka. Buganda has the largest and richest native administration in East Africa and governs a third of Uganda's population. The Buganda were never conquered by the British and remind the visitor that they invited the British into Uganda to protect them.

The African has a natural flair for politics, and no African exceeds the Muganda, who has been practicing the art since long before the coming of the white man. At the head of the Buganda government is the Kabaka, or King. The present Kabaka, a young man named Mutesa II, is currently enjoying the delights of London's Park Lane, on a British pension, forcibly removed from Uganda by the British when they found him opposed to any political fusion of Uganda and Kenya, reluctant to appoint members to

LEGCO, and hence an "obstructionist" in violation of their treaty of 1900.

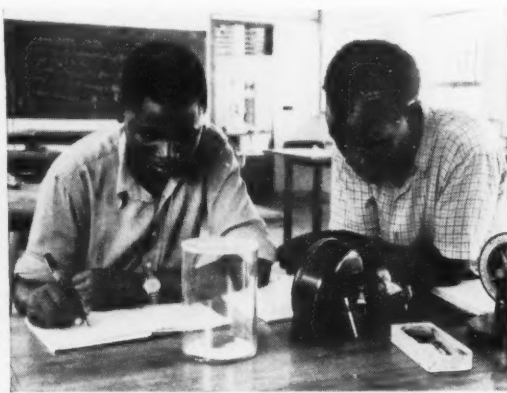
The whole Mengo set-up is well organized and experienced. Visiting Mr. Simon Kiruruta, the acting Chief Justice of Buganda, was like visiting a high official in the United States. There was red tape to be unraveled to set up the interviews and then sub-clerks and clerks to be passed before arriving in the judge's chambers. Mr. Kiruruta turned out to be a stocky, bespectacled man, soft-spoken, intelligent, and with a ready smile. He would not discuss politics or the Kabaka, but was prepared to talk about the weather and related subjects. Mr. Kiruruta could be transplanted to Washington or London and feel right at home.

Before leaving Kampala, we sped out along the Masaka highway (a tarmac road which yearly costs \$350 a mile to maintain) to the home of Leonard Bassude, a young member of the national legislative council. He had been educated in Uganda Catholic schools and went to a Catholic college in Ceylon. He has a coffee plantation of some hundred acres and is one of the most prominent men in politics and in the coffee growers' association, which markets about one fourth of Uganda's coffee production. He drives a good car, has a home that any American would like to own, produces his own electricity, and manages a yearly income of about \$25,000 from the profits of his enterprises.

Mr. Bassude is proof that Africans can make their own way. The Africa of naked savages and wild, tribal rites is almost gone. Today's African talks about Maritain, trends in jazz, and political theories. Perhaps, for many, the culture and civilization they have adopted is but a veneer. Old ways go slowly. As one of them said, "It takes time to get things out of the blood."



**Mutesa II, the Kabaka or King. Forcibly removed by British, he lives in London**



**Students at Makerere University. Students come from East Africa's 220 tribes. Makerere offers a higher education in arts and sciences**



**Cadets at the police training school stand at attention. The Buganda were never conquered**



The boys on the "Journal" couldn't believe that a lovely screen star would correspond with a lowly copy boy. But Art had written evidence

HIS name was Art Thorpe, but he came from New England, and he called himself "Aht Thop." That gave us a laugh out here in the midwest, where we bite down hard on our "r's."

He was an easy kid to laugh at, anyway—too easy. There was a shy gentleness about him that invited mockery, if you were that kind of person. His appearance was a bit odd, to begin with. He was tall and thin as a Vermont birch, with a mop of yellow hair that looked like a haystack after a high wind and light blue eyes that had an other-worldly trustfulness in them. He was a copy boy on the Journal, but his manners were of another time and place. He knew me for months before he called me anything but Mr. McElroy—although I was only three or four years older than he—in deference to my standing as a cub reporter. Maybe that's why I took to him so much.

At any rate, he was a welcome change from our other copy kid—Eddie Butler. Eddie was a husky youth with slick black hair, small slit-like eyes, and a mouth that seemed always ready to arrange itself into a sneer. On Art's arrival Eddie became head copy boy, a position of eminence that only added to his natural obnoxiousness, which was considerable. As Eddie rose in the world, his work-capacity dropped. He gradually restricted his activities to opening the mail and bawling "Thop!" whenever anything requiring leg work came up. Art would go tearing around the city room like a tow-headed tornado, scattering papers and upended

chairs in his wake. He was a New Englander and willing to work.

I had known Art some time before I found out he was carrying on a long-distance, one-way, hopeless love affair. It was on a Saturday afternoon that I made this discovery. I was filling in on the theater desk and was trying to figure out a layout for Monday. I had a dozen of those glossy prints of movie personalities the studios send out spread in front of me. Suddenly I became aware of someone peering over my shoulder. I twisted around and saw Aht Thop. He was leaning slightly forward, his lips parted—so intent he didn't realize I was staring at him. When he did, he started.

"Oh, I—I'm sorry, Mr. McElroy," he stammered. "I didn't mean to go breathing down your neck." He stepped back, then hesitated—he couldn't seem to tear himself away. He just stared at the desk, his eyes almost misty with wistfulness. Suddenly he blurted, "Gosh, Mr. McElroy, isn't she beautiful?"

I glanced about the city room. None of the feminine members of the staff were in evidence, and besides, none of them could really qualify for a statement like that. "Who's beautiful?" I asked.

"Why, Eleanor Holbrook," he said, pointing. "There on the desk."

I picked up a head shot of a pretty brunette and contemplated it.

"A cute little dolly, all right," I said.

His face stiffened momentarily, and it penetrated my thick skull that I had spoken crudely of a woman who meant a great deal to him. I tried to smooth

things over. "I think she's a very good actress," I offered, apologetically.

He brightened immediately. "Oh yes, she is! Did you see her in 'The Stranger'?"

"Er—no, I guess I missed that one."

"I've seen it seven times," he said. "In fact, I just saw it last night. Had to hitchhike out to Lyndonville. It's played all the neighborhood theaters here in town."

"Yeah, she's a good little actress," I said lamely. I turned back to the desk and began shuffling the prints. I could feel a confidence coming on.

It came. "Mr. McElroy," he said diffidently, "do you think she'd answer a letter?"

"Well—uh—those actresses must get an awful lot of mail," I replied. Then I saw his eyes and knew he was desperate for encouragement. "But you never can tell," I added quickly.

He smiled ruefully. "Oh, I know it seems like a jerky thing to do, but I wrote her a letter a couple weeks ago." He stared out the window. "I don't expect an answer. After all—a guy like me . . ." his voice trailed off.

"I bet you get a letter back," I said.

"Do you think so?" he asked eagerly.

SOMEONE yelled "Copy!" and he went into his rocket-powered take-off, knocking my wastebasket galley west in the process. I realized there was a smirk on my face, and I wiped it off. He was too nice a kid to laugh at.

I didn't think of Art's innamorata again until three days later. It was Ed-

# LONG-DISTANCE LOVER

BY ARTHUR MYERS

*He wrote thousands of words to his love  
far away in movieland*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
FRANK KALAN



die Butler ~~who~~ reminded me. He barged up to my desk and plumped himself down on it. "Hey Mac," he grinned, "wanta see something funny?"

"What have you got there," I said, "a picture of a broken leg?"

He thrust a large brown envelope at me. The lettering at the corner said, "Consolidated Studios, Hollywood, California." I opened it and pulled out a photograph of a smiling young actress. It was Eleanor Holbrook. I looked up at Eddie. "So what? We get these every day."

He jammed a soiled finger at the picture. "Yeah, but look at the corner."

Then I saw it. It was an inscription, and it read: "Best wishes, Art. Glad you like me. Eleanor Holbrook." I rubbed my finger over the writing. It had been written with a pen, not printed. I turned the envelope over and saw it had been addressed to Art Thorpe, not to the paper. "You've got your nerve opening this," I said indignantly.

Eddie spread his hands palms upward with all the injured innocence of a born con man, junior grade. "I didn't notice the address till I opened it. He pushed his face a few inches closer. "Hey, look what I wrote," he said, offering a type-written sheet of paper for my inspection. I took it and read:

"Dear Art, Please write me again and send one of your pictures. There was something about your letter that just seemed to get me. Yours, Eleanor."

"I DON'T think this is funny," I said. "And you're gonna get yourself in a jam fooling around with the mail."

He snatched the letter back. "Aw nuts," he said. "I shouldn't of showed it to you." He hopped back onto the floor and hefted the envelope in his hand as though it were a club. "Wait till Aht Thorpe gets this," he gloated. "He'll flip his wig."

Half an hour later I saw Art heading for my desk, his face shining, and I knew he had gotten Eddie's poison pen note. I mumbled something noncommittal as he showed me the thing. No use saying anything. I thought—let it die a natural death.

"The only picture I've got of myself is this one," he was babbling. He pulled a snapshot from his wallet and handed it to me. It showed Art and a handsome youth standing before a tree-shaded, white, New England house.

"Who's the other fellow?" I asked.

He hesitated a moment, then gave me a level, almost defiant look.

"My twin brother," he said.

"Your twin brother!" I exclaimed. "He sure doesn't . . . I mean you don't resemble each other much." Then I glanced up at Art, and I knew that he

had been hearing that all his life and that he had come so far from home so he could stop hearing it.

I forgot about Art's love affair during the next couple of weeks. I figured when he didn't get an answer to his second letter, with pix, that would be that. Besides, it was about that time Peggy Morris came into the city room. She was the prettiest copy kid the company ever had the good sense to hire.

Art shied away from Peggy, as he did from all women, unless they were two thousand miles away and movie stars. I asked him one day why he didn't ask Peggy for a date. You could almost see him blushing through his shirt.

I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry the next day when he came tearing up to my desk with this letter from Hollywood in his hand. But he was so excited I couldn't bear to show the skepticism I felt.

"Gosh, Mr. McElroy," he almost shouted, "look at this!" He looked like he was holding himself in to keep from turning handsprings.

"Dear Art: I was delighted to hear from you again and to get your picture. You look very much like I thought you would. You have a very pleasant face. Not an actor's face, perhaps, but who likes actors' faces. I also was interested to hear you work on a newspaper. It must be very interesting work. When I was in high school I thought I wanted to work on a newspaper, but I guess everybody has that notion at one time or another. Only, very few people actually follow through with it.

"I also was interested to hear you come from Vermont. I am a Boston girl myself and sometimes I wish I were back there. Still, being in pictures has its advantages. You get letters from such nice people. Thank you again for sending me your picture. Yours, Eleanor."



Art headed for my desk, his face shining

I read the letter through twice. It sounded genuine, yet I couldn't believe it. I glanced at Art. "Let me see that picture she sent you," I said.

He smiled. "I know what you want to do," he said. "You want to compare the handwriting. Well, it's the same. I know her writing by heart."

I couldn't help chuckling. Unthinkingly, I said, "Well, I guess you got a laugh on Eddie Butler."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

Then I realized my slip. "Oh, uh . . ." I stammered. "I mean he'd never think you could get a letter from a girl like Eleanor Holbrook."

He grinned. "Yeah, I know it," he said. "He thinks he's such a hot shot." He picked up the letter from my desk. "I'm going to show it to him."

"Wait a minute," I protested.

But Art was off and running. He headed toward the mail desk, where Eddie lolled, telling his life story or something such to Peggy Morris, who sat quietly at the end of the desk, clipping the city edition. I watched with horrified fascination as Art approached them. He handed the letter to Eddie, and I waited for Butler to break into his familiar sneer.

Then I got a surprise. Eddie stared at the letter, his mouth open. He looked up at Art, disbelief, respect, and consternation galloping across his vaguely repulsive features. It seemed obvious he had never seen the letter before.

During the next couple of months he wrote thousands of words to his love faraway in movieland. And he got answers. He began by showing them to Eddie and me, then gradually branched out. He became an object of amusement, curiosity, and downright awe throughout the building. Many theories were advanced about the source of the letters.

"You never know about a woman," said Hank Adams, the theater editor. "And Eleanor Holbrook is definitely a woman!"

It was Hank who indicated that the case of Aht Thorpe and the movie queen might be heading for a show-down. He called me over to his desk one afternoon and handed me a telegram. It was from Consolidated Studios:

"Eleanor Holbrook will make personal appearance Tuesday, Sept. 5, at Royal Theater, your city, in conjunction with latest picture, 'The Girl from Back East,' as part of nationwide tour. Coverage will be appreciated."

Hank was grinning up at me. "Thorpe should be in his glory," he said. "Or should he?"

"I think he should," I replied. "I think those letters are the real thing."

Hank shrugged. "Maybe it's some new

kind of public relations. Anyway, how about covering her?" He gave me a sly glance. "You might ask her about Art, just for our own information."

I wasn't happy about the assignment. It seemed like spying. But I knew they'd assign someone to Holbrook and I hated the idea of somebody covering her who would just be out to make a fool of Art. It seemed to me that Art himself wasn't overjoyed at the prospect of meeting his love in person.

Art was working the early trick on the day that Eleanor Holbrook came to town, but the paper would have been further ahead if he'd stayed home. He gave the sports proofs to the society department, dropped a batch of local copy down the elevator shaft, and was almost murdered by the printers when he careened around a composing room corner too short and knocked over several galleys of type. By noon you could see him quivering from a distance of fifty yards.

He was supposed to get off work at three o'clock. At that hour, however, I didn't see him around, so I went to get my coat and hat. When I came out of the locker room he still wasn't in sight. I went over to the mail desk. Eddie Butler was leaning back in a chair, his feet up, puffing on a cigar. Peggy Morris was busily pasting up the local clips. "Where's Art?" I asked.

Eddie took the cigar from his mouth and gave me his squint-eyed glance. "If you ask me he took a powder. He's not gonna go see that babe for the simple reason that she never heard of him." He grinned and threw a wink at Peggy. I noticed with interest that she didn't smile back.

"Well, I'll wait about twenty minutes," I said. "Then I gotta go."

THE minutes wore on, and I became impatient with Art and annoyed at Eddie, who was gloating from every pore. At three-twenty I took my twentieth peek at the clock.

"He won't show up," Butler said.

I stood up. "Maybe he went ahead," I mumbled, and I started for the elevator. Just then he hove into view. He came slinking around the corner of the photographers department, and I would have bet my last nickel that he'd been hiding out in one of the dark rooms. He came toward us as though he was being pushed, his face white and taut.

I tried being hearty. "Well, it's about time you showed up," I said loudly. "Let's get out of here."

When we reached the theater I got hold of the house manager and asked him where we could find La Holbrook.

"Oh yes," he said. "She told me she was expecting someone from the paper. That you?"

I hesitated. "I don't know. Er—that is, yes, I'm from the paper. I'm a reporter."

We followed him down through the dark of the huge theater. Eleanor Holbrook was emoting energetically on the screen and as I glanced at the rapt, upturned faces of the audience, I wondered how many others had been smitten with these shadows. I could feel Art's tense presence beside me and following behind like a whip, Eddie Butler. It was the longest walk I ever had taken.

We went through a small, curtained archway at the front of the house and along a dusty corridor, then up some stairs. The manager stopped in front of an unpretentious door, from which the paint was flaking, and knocked on it. A man's voice called, "Come in."

The manager opened the door and turned to us. "Okay," he said.

A tall man in a sports coat was standing at the side of the room and the manager introduced him as a representative from the studio, but I hardly saw him. For I was staring at one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. I had been to a couple of her pictures, but she looked different now. Smaller, and with a radiance that the cameras didn't catch. She was younger than I had realized. She couldn't have been more than twenty-two or three. She looked vaguely surprised.

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• Tact is the ability to shut your mouth before someone else wants to.—*Chicago Tribune*

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"This gentleman's from one of our local papers, Eleanor," the manager said.

"Oh—oh, yes," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

Art was still hanging back outside in the corridor. I took a desperate stab. "Were you expecting someone else?" I asked.

She hesitated. "Oh, well, not exactly," she said.

"Perhaps a fellow named Art Thorpe," I asked.

She gave me a charming smile. "Why yes. Do you know him?"

I got up and went to the door. "Art," I called. "Come in here and bring your friend with you."

Art came sliding in the door, stiff with embarrassment. Even Eddie Butler was subdued.

When she saw Art she jumped up and gave a little squeal. She ran to him and took him by the hands. I wondered if she expected him to kiss her. I was dumbfounded and delighted. I thought

Butler's jaw would at least hit the floor.

She turned to the tall man. "This is the boy I was telling you about," she said. Then she made Art sit down. She had a way of devoting her entire attention to a person, of making him feel he was the only one in her world, and she did that with Art.

As they went on Art came out of his shell. They talked excitedly of the glories of Massachusetts and Vermont, and there wasn't an "r" sounded in that room for a good ten minutes.

I didn't get a chance to ask her a question. I didn't have the faintest idea what I was going to write about. And I couldn't have cared less. Finally the theater manager coughed. "You go on in about ten minutes, Eleanor," he said. "Maybe you better start getting ready."

Art stood up. He seemed confident now; completely at ease. He was taking the initiative. "Well, I'm sorry we couldn't have talked longer," he said. "It's too bad you have to leave town tonight. Anyway, we still can write."

"We sure can," she smiled.

I wondered if Art would kiss her. He didn't, but he looked like he wasn't afraid to and that the only reason he didn't was because of the audience. He walked out of the place like he owned it. Eddie Butler crawled out after him.

I started after them, then paused. I had to get my interview. Besides, I was beginning to recover from the first shock of Art's triumph and wondered what lay behind it. Misgivings began to cloud my elation. "I'll be along in a couple of minutes," I called to Art.

The other men left the room and I had her alone. I framed a routine interview question in my mind, then hesitated. She looked at me expectantly.

"MISS Holbrook," I said, "this has nothing to do with the interview. It has to do with Art Thorpe, who's a friend of mine."

"Go ahead," she said.

"Why did you write to him? And do you intend to keep on?"

Her eyes grew serious. "How close a friend of his are you?" she asked.

"Pretty close."

"Will you promise not to tell him this. Or anybody else."

"Yes."

She nodded. "I'm telling you because I feel someone here should know just what happened. Maybe you can sort of guide him." She looked up at me. "The fact is, I didn't write those letters."

"You didn't!" I exclaimed.

She shook her head. "Fan mail is handled in a regular department at the studio. The actors never see it, unless they make a point to—which I don't. Usually the studio just mails back a

(Continued on page 67)



# The Soldiers' Diplomat

by WILLIAM HEALY



From Ike a medal; "Murphy was admirably suited for his task"

WHEN Undersecretary of State Walter Bedell Smith announced at the time of his appointment in February of 1953 that he would retire from the post in less than two years, it was immediately assumed around State Department corridors that the man being groomed to succeed him in the number-two spot was big, genial Deputy Undersecretary of State Robert Murphy.

Murphy, a hale, ham-fisted, six-foot-four-inch Irish Catholic from Milwaukee, does not easily fit the popular conception of a professional diplomat. Just the same, he considers striped pants and spats as much his working clothes as he did overalls when firing freight locomotives for a railroad in his teens.

A career foreign service officer of thirty-three years standing, Murphy does not take kindly to slurs on his profession. Not long ago, he rose before an informal luncheon meeting of the Foreign Service Association and made an off-the-cuff speech conspicuously devoid of the usual Murphy wit:

"I believe it is up to us as members of this association to do a little fighting in behalf of our Department and Foreign Service," he declared. "And I believe that on appropriate occasions when individuals apply such language as 'cookie-pusher,' we should start pushing that cookie around. The old and threadbare clichés about 'striped pants' continue to be used to a point where I wonder at times whether our Foreign Service really has a friend."

It is just as well for critics of the Foreign Service that Bob Murphy chose a career in which tact is a necessary pre-

requisite. His 225 pounds are so well distributed over a towering frame that he is considered lanky. Murphy can be as tough or as gently persuasive as the occasion demands. Over the council table he has the reputation of being a shrewd, unyielding bargainer. In his office, the secretary who handles his daily engagement book finds him cordial to the point of distraction.

Since becoming one of America's most reliable foreign affairs troubleshooters during World War II, Murphy has found himself the goat in many an international hassle. While cultivating the friendship of Admiral Darlan and Marshal Petain of the Vichy government, for instance, Murphy was secretly paving the way for a peaceful allied landing in North Africa under General Eisenhower, a feat which was later given credit for saving thousands of lives. Yet Murphy emerged in the press somewhere between Benedict Arnold and Lawrence of Arabia, depending on the political hue of the publisher.

Later, while acting as political adviser to our occupation authorities in Berlin, he was responsible for carrying out the Administration's policy of a tough but not vindictive peace. Success or failure of the whole effort to re-educate Southern Germany and to turn its people back to democracy was placed in his hands. He was respon-

sible for political policy inside occupied Germany; for the kind of German chosen to fill municipal office; the kind of newspapers established; and the propaganda disseminated. For this he was flayed both by the backers of a peace and those who wanted to turn Germany into a goat pasture.

When Murphy was reassigned, his boss, General Lucius Clay, said: "In the military government and I in particular as military governor have accomplished anything in Germany, a major portion of the credit should go to my political adviser, Bob Murphy."

Robert Daniel Murphy was born of Irish-German parentage in Milwaukee in October, 1894, an only child. His father, Francis Patrick Murphy, was a steamfitter by trade. Both parents were staunch Catholics, as is Murphy. The younger Murphy inherited his father's outsized sinews early. To pay for a Jesuit education at Marquette university, he worked summers firing a locomotive on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, ran a steam hammer in a roundhouse, and was a day laborer with the Allis-Chalmers company.

During World War I, an injury resulting from crushing his foot in a factory kept him out of military service. But he went to Washington, took a job as a \$1000 post office clerk, and spent his nights at George Washington University law school. Before the war



Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, and Mildred, one of three daughters

ended he was working as a code clerk in the U.S. legation at Berne, Switzerland.

Murphy returned to Washington after the war, got his law degree, and entered the Foreign Service via competitive examinations in 1920. A year later he married Mildred Claire Taylor of Kansas City and was assigned to his first foreign post as vice-consul at Zurich, Switzerland. In 1921 he was assigned to Munich.

In Munich, Murphy had a fifty-yard-line view of the rise of the Nazi movement. As a U.S. representative there, he observed its growth and reported on its political implications. The German Fascists were aware of Murphy's frankly anti-Nazi sentiments and bided their time for an "incident" which could lead to his removal.

They were soon rewarded. While waiting her turn in a Munich grocery store, Mrs. Murphy, who spoke fluent German, was jockeyed out of her place in line by a Munich native who made an unflattering comment on the Murphy nationality in an aside to the proprietor. Mrs. Murphy overheard the remark and demanded her rightful place in line. The next day an artful brown-shirted propagandist blew the episode into a minor diplomatic crisis. The resulting storm of anti-American sentiment eventually succeeded in getting the German foreign office to ask for

Murphy's recall. He was transferred to Seville as full consul, but he took with him an indelible impression of totalitarian methods. In the spring of 1930 he went to Paris as consul.

Broadly, Murphy's duties in Paris did not differ from those expected of a Foreign Service officer anywhere else. These were to interpret U.S. foreign policy abroad and, in turn, to interpret local political situations. On the working level, however, most Foreign Service officers must be trade promoters, shipping experts, cryptographers, public relations experts, immigration officials, and good samaritans besides.

MURPHY rose under a succession of ambassadors until, under Ambassador Bullitt, he was relieved of routine chores and appointed to the number-two post—counselor of embassy—in 1939. When France fell to the Nazis, Murphy was made *charge d'affaires* of the U.S. diplomatic mission at Vichy. This marked the beginning of the most dramatic and controversial period in his life, one which extended from Vichy through the North African campaign and on to his role in the Italian surrender.

Shortly after the fall of France, the United States turned its attention to the growing importance of North Africa where both the Allies and Germany were trying to win the colonial French

**Undersecretary of State**  
**Robert D. Murphy has been in more tough scrapes than many a soldier. For his efforts he has received abuse, a medal, and one of the top U.S. diplomatic jobs**

to their side. In 1940, we were allowed to send twenty observers to North Africa to counterbalance members of a German armistice commission there. Ostensibly, the group did little more than maintain diplomatic relations and head up U.S. food and clothing relief efforts. Actually, its secret task was to win colonial France over to the U.S. side and prepare the way for a bloodless allied landing. Cordell Hull's choice was Robert Murphy. His was the monumentally delicate task of outwardly holding hands with Vichy France while secretly negotiating through tribal chiefs with General Weygand. The policy was carried off so well that it fooled Americans as well as Germans.

Before being plucked from anonymity, Murphy's career had been limited to humdrum paper work. Now he didn't dare put anything on paper. Before Murphy left for North Africa, he was briefed by General Mark Clark on the duties of his "observers' mission." He told him they would include "everything from slitting throats of German agents to seizing coastal defenses."

The critical period during Murphy's African assignment came when the Germans recalled Weygand to France after Pearl Harbor. They also called back any other Frenchmen thought to be pro-American or anti-German. After this it became a battle of wits with no holds barred. At ease in both the Casbah and the French residential areas, Murphy cultivated the good will of French and native populations alike while steadily building up his group into what has been described as one of the finest intelligence units in history.

Early in October of 1942, General Mark Clark landed in a submarine off the North African coast and was met by Murphy on the beach. They conferred in a nearby Arab hut, where final plans for the allied landings were checked with friendly French officers. During the negotiations, local French gendarmes raided the hut. All they found was an Irish-American named Murphy innocently rolling dice with an Algerian farmer. Unaware that General Clark and his party were hidden beneath them in the farmer's wine cellar, they departed.

But Murphy's most hair-raising experience came the night Allied troops were scheduled to land. They were due in at 2:30 A.M., November 8. At 12:30 A.M., a force of friendly Frenchmen, acting on Murphy's instructions, seized the city's strategic points for the Allies. Murphy himself went to the villa of Admiral Darlan, the ranking French authority, to notify him of the landing and tell him he was under arrest.

Unknown to Murphy, the Americans landed at the wrong place and were thirteen hours behind schedule in reaching Algiers. As the hours passed with no sign of Allied troops, Darlan's men took the city and placed Murphy under arrest. Murphy sweated it out for six hours under the ire of a tough French naval officer until he finally talked himself free to meet the American troops.

EISENHOWER, Clark, and Murphy faced the problem of neutralizing French naval and military resistance. They settled on Admiral Darlan as the most expedient figurehead to command French military attention. This was the so-called "deal" which brought a cloudburst of controversy down on all three men. President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who could not divulge the real nature of Murphy's mission, had complete faith in his direction. When it was all over, Murphy received the Distinguished Service Medal from Eisenhower. After the Darlan assassination, twelve men were arrested for plotting to kill Murphy along with the French admiral.

Now known as the "soldier's diplomat," Murphy moved behind our expanding front as the man the general staff called on when it wanted sound political advice on the implications of a truce or surrender. He had a hand in the negotiations which led to Italy's withdrawal from the war, was General Eisenhower's political alter ego when the Allied forces moved into Europe, and continued in Germany after the war as ranking diplomat with the occupation forces, first with Eisenhower and then with General Lucius D. Clay.

Years later, in his book *Crusade in*

*Europe*, Ike wrote: "Murphy was affable, friendly, exceedingly shrewd, and admirably suited for his task. Unquestionably his missionary zeal had much to do with our eventual success."

Murphy's presence at army staff meetings was the first time in the memory of many an officer that a civilian had ever sat in regularly at such meetings, received copies of top-secret military messages, and generally participated in the planning of campaigns. At first, General Eisenhower wanted Murphy to wear the army uniform, but he remained in civilian clothes at his own request.

Murphy was recalled from Germany to head up the State Department's first office of German and Austrian Affairs and then returned to the Continent as ambassador to Belgium. When the treaty with Japan was drawn up in 1952, he was given the assignment as America's first postwar ambassador to that country. Though he had never been west of California, he was appointed principally because of his impressive reputation as a skillful handler

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• A Communist is a fellow who,  
when he hasn't a leg to stand on,  
stands on his constitutional rights.  
—*Wall Street Journal*

---

of diplomatic hot potatoes. No one knew then how the Japanese would react to full sovereignty.

The sudden shift from occupation to independence was indicated a few minutes after Ambassador Murphy landed in Tokyo. Cars were being readied to take dignitaries away according to textbook protocol. An army captain directing traffic suddenly stopped short and asked a colonel whether he should let General Ridgway's black limousine move out in the lead as usual. The colonel stared back at the captain, then snapped: "The ambassador goes first."

Murphy's biggest headache was to keep Japan from trading with Red China and to build up its defenses against any future possibility of Communist encirclement. The first was by its very nature almost unattainable, since the Japanese islands depend upon trade for their very existence. The second was only slightly less difficult. A deflated nation has to be prodded into rearmament with great care.

Murphy applied himself to the task with his typical vigor. When he left for Korea as General Clark's adviser during the truce negotiations, indications were that Japan was far more willing to arm for defense than it was when he arrived.

Late in 1953, Murphy was named to the post of assistant secretary of state for United Nations affairs. Early in 1954, he was sworn in as Deputy Undersecretary of State. His new job embraces the whole field of foreign policy. It is more than likely that as undersecretary he will preserve the cordial relationship with the White House that has prevailed under Walter Bedell Smith, a long-time associate of President Eisenhower.

WHATEVER future post may be in store for Robert Murphy, the odds are it will not come as a surprise to the three Murphy children. Catherine, 29, Rosemary, 26, and Mildred, 24, have learned to take the somewhat nomadic existence of a career diplomat's family in stride. Listening to the three girls compare notes on school is like attending a seminar on continental versus American education. All three girls received as much education abroad as they did in the United States.

Catherine and Rosemary were born in Germany and speak German and French fluently. Mildred, born in the United States, also speaks German and French, as well as a smattering of Japanese which she picked up living in Tokyo for a year while her father served as ambassador to Japan.

Catherine lives with her parents in the Chevy Chase section of Washington. Rosemary and Mildred share an apartment on New York's East 73rd Street. Mildred's ambitions lean to a writing career. She is presently hard at work in that direction as a cub reporter on the vast city desk of the *New York Times*.

Rosemary, a tall brunette, did graduate work in the drama department at Catholic University and cut her professional teeth in postwar German films. She also had a bit part in the American film *Berlin Express*. In the United States, she toured in summer stock with Judith Anderson and Sylvia Sydney and has appeared occasionally in television on the Robert Montgomery show. In 1951 she won the Barter Theater Award.

Not long ago, when diplomat Murphy was asked what he thought of actress Murphy's performance in a Broadway show, he answered enthusiastically: "I may be prejudiced but I thought she was great."

Then the man who has spend a large part of his life weathering international crises looked out the window and shook his head slowly. "Gee, that's a tough racket," he said.

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# The Almost Catholic

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

JOHN Wesley, the founder of Methodism, had a favorite sermon which he liked to preach. He called it "The Almost Christian." In it he described the man who was considered by all to be a good man because he went to church and was never convicted of any glaring crime against society. He did the things ordinary good Christians were wont to do and refrained from what Christians thought unseemly. But because he did not grow up to the full meaning of Christianity, he never really became a true Christian.

This is about "The Almost Catholic." He is especially characterized by his spiritual infancy and his equating sinlessness with sanctity.

The greatest of his minor vices is this spiritual infancy. Spiritually he is just an overgrown child. He grew up psychologically. Blessing of blessings, he has outgrown that strangest of adolescent afflictions, the giggles. He grew up economically. He has his own job and supports his own family. Putting the touch on Dad for help would embarrass him. He grew up intellectually. He graduated from comics to detective magazines.

He has grown up in all these ways, but spiritually he is still a child. Maturing spiritually was something that stopped the day he left the grade school. He knows less now than he did then. Not only has he not grown in virtue, but he has picked up a few undistinguished vices along the way. So much is he spiritually a child that he does not have religious sensibility enough to realize that he is stunted. Perhaps, too, his is the case of midgets finding comfort among midgets.

His knowledge of the Faith is infantile. While he was in grade school, he might have excelled in his religion classes. Since that distant past he has learned little about his Faith and forgotten much. However, he recalls with pride the honor of those early years. Not realizing that condemnation issues from his own mouth, he fondly wishes

he knew today as much as he knew way back then. He would be quite satisfied as an adult with the religious knowledge of a grade-school boy.

Because his religious and spiritual education stopped quite abruptly at the age of fourteen, the almost Catholic has no appreciation for adult Catholicism. He does not understand, and therefore he does not appreciate, the Mass, the Mystical Body of Christ, the sacrament of Matrimony, grace. The implications of the Mystical Body as regards race relations, labor unions, education, government, and international affairs would be something of a scandal to him. He is quite sure that the Church is interested only in heaven. For him the sacraments are mere safety measures. If he plays with fire and gets burnt, he knows where to go.

THERE is no remedy for ignorance other than knowledge. It is as simple as that. Here we are talking about knowledge worthy of an adult. If he is satisfied with a steady diet of milk, when will he be ready for the richer substance of meat? Will he insist on baby food at four and at forty? If he does, he will be forever creeping around the edges of Catholicism. He will remain a little boy lost without even the consolation of knowing that he is out of bounds.

The layman need not brave the terrors of learned tomes with footnotes in Greek. There are religious books and magazines specifically for him, written with simplicity and clarity. These can introduce him to the wonders of adult Catholicism.

In his spiritual infancy the almost Catholic, through some wild reasoning, arrives at the conclusion that staying out of sin is the sum total of holiness (not that avoiding sin is an accomplishment to be taken lightly these days). Actually the man who is merely sinless is nothing more than that, a sinless man. The absence of sin is, of course, a very important part of sanctity. But it is

only half of sanctity and not even the better half. Grace, or God-life, forms the core of holiness. Next in importance come the avoidance of sin and the positive efforts to attain perfection.

Because of his weird perversion of the truth, the almost Catholic spends his waking hours staying out of sin. A very praiseworthy occupation, but like the man who persistently carries water on the same shoulder, it is going to result in a deformity. It reduces itself to the spiritual gymnastics of always staying on his side of sin. There is no sincere striving to attain perfection; it is all avoidance of sin.

In his play *The Great God Brown*, Eugene O'Neill has Brown say, "Man is born broken. He lives by mending. The grace of God is the glue." The almost Catholic is, to a distressing degree, unconcerned about the glue and indifferent to the mending. His only care is merely to prevent further breakage.

Though the almost Catholic is infantile, he is not devoid of all spirituality. There are real seeds of holiness, but there is no mature fruit.

THE word "monstrosity" is a bitter collection of syllables. It is undoubtedly brutal to say that as the almost Catholic stands before the judgment seat, he appears to God as something of a monstrosity. But for want of a better word, we will leave it at that. He appears as a monstrosity because he grew in some places and in some places he did not. Now, what to do with a monstrosity is always a problem. This is one of those in-between things which calls for an in-between solution. In the present case, it would be difficult to say that the almost Catholic has done violence to himself and taken heaven by storm. Nor, on the other hand, has he done anything to make himself notably worthy of hell. It almost resolves itself into that middling, compromise solution: he must go somewhere; therefore he must be admitted to heaven.



# University of free Europe



Photos by Almasp—Three Elons

An American flavor pervades the University despite the fact that students are mostly East European



Poles, Yugoslavs, Hungarians, Rumanians, Letts, the students represent almost every nation under Red domination. Here, they gather for an outdoor Assembly

THERE's only one thing the 200 students at the Free Europe University in Exile near Strasbourg, France, have in common. They all cracked the Iron Curtain—from the inside. Otherwise, they are as diverse a group as you might find, say, in any American city. There are Poles, Yugoslavs, Hungarians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, and they have left behind them a past that was filled with the fear that only those imprisoned behind that dread curtain can really know.

A year or two ago they might have dismissed the thought of freedom and fresh air and good food as mere dreaming. Today all these have become real for

## A SIGN PICTURE STORY

them at the Free Europe University in Exile.

For the first time in years, some of them are laughing and, in spite of long hours of study, thinking thoughts of love and of a family and of the future. But above all they are students, young men and women who see in their increasing knowledge a means to grow into better instruments to serve the friends they have left in semi-slavery behind the Iron Curtain.

As they dream at night, you might say they are dreaming in another direction than a year ago. They are dreaming ahead toward the day when their homelands will be free again from the Red tyranny.



A visiting professor from the University of Strasbourg addresses a class. Courses are intensive and cover wide range of subjects



Students from three countries work out a Math problem together in the University's library



Relaxation between classes takes the form of lolling in the sun and participating in the typically American campus "bull session"



The facial lines of this young Polish political refugee tell of a past filled with fear of Reds



Old barriers are broken down as students from lands historically opposed find common grounds for friendship in sharing their room



▲ Vigorous exercise in games like volleyball restores strength to undernourished bodies and offers relaxation for working minds

◀ The curved paths of the 16th Century Castle of Pourtales, in which the University is housed, offer space for walking and studying



▲ International chess is the most popular game at the University, but lacks the implications of intrigue the word usually implies

◀ News—news from home, from anywhere, is eagerly read fare for the refugee students who know how deeply events affect people



# A Heart for Forgiveness

by SIMON WOOD, C.P.

We pray for mercy. But have we learned to be merciful? If not, our prayer will be in vain

OF all the unusual circumstances of Calvary, surely the most significant was the fact that the supporting characters in the drama of the Cross were two condemned criminals. On the right of the dying Saviour was a thief who himself acknowledged he was suffering a well-deserved punishment for his crimes; on the left was a criminal whom we know only for his hardness of heart and vicious tongue.

Twice before, the Saviour had been accounted the central figure of a group of three. From all eternity, as at that very moment, He is the eternal, all-holy Second Person of a divine Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. And in His early earthly life, He was the center of a Holy Family, consisting of Himself, the Child, of an Immaculate Mother, Mary, and of a just carpenter, Joseph. But now, on Calvary, when He is accomplishing His great work of holiness, when the spiritual interests of mankind hang in the balance, He is the central figure of a trio of the condemned.

The Pharisees and priests milling about the Cross take satisfaction, no doubt, in the company the dying Man is made to keep. For several years they have been voicing their shocked distaste for the fact that this Man had been "the friend of publicans and sinners." They still remember their dismay when He called the publican Matthew to be one of His chosen Twelve and again, not long ago, when He had singled out the other publican Zacchaeus to be His honored guest at Jericho. With even more resentment they recall His unexpected, strong defense of a woman they would have stoned for her adultery and His gentle

welcome of that woman of the streets who had dared wash His feet with her tears. All in all, the Pharisees must have been thinking, it is quite in order that this defender of sinners should be crucified between two of them, sharing in their punishment.

In fact, God had planned this precise detail. He had even taken the trouble, some seven hundred years before, to reveal it to the world: "He hath delivered His soul unto death," Isaiah had predicted, "and was reputed with the wicked." No other happening on this earth has so moved the Heart of God. No other scene can be so significant.

The meaning of Calvary is that here Jesus Christ is performing His life-work of saving sinful men from their bonds of evil. By God's eternal plan, that Hill outside Jerusalem is meant to become the favored meeting-

place of sinners, where they might find renewed innocence and holiness.

In other words, the Son of God chose His companions on Calvary that He might leave mankind an unforgettable picture of the mercifulness so dear to His heart: a mercy He had described and raised to the rank of a beatitude on the Mount in Galilee several years before.

Looking back in time, we find nothing surprising in the fact that the Saviour of mercy made His Fifth Beatitude a blessing on the merciful. But at that time, it fell upon ears that heard it with the fresh impact of a new truth. The audience on the Mount had heard Christ shed new light on the problems of their lives: poverty of spirit, He had said, enriches a man more than all the wealth of earth; meekness in oppression calls down the loving protection of God; human mourning contains the



*The Cross and the Fifth Beatitude*

Christophorus—Verlag Herder



seeds of an unearthly joy: the search for God's justice insulates a man against all the injustices of earth. Now, He sets Himself to shed a new holy light upon the attitude they should take toward the misery in the fellow men they have before treated with harsh, calculated justice.

We should like to have been present when Christ pronounced this Fifth Beatitude. We should like to have caught the inflection in His voice, the tender light in His eyes as He spoke this blessing so dear to his Sacred Heart: "Blessed are the merciful." He says in tones of loving urgency, "for they shall obtain mercy."

**T**HIS quality of mercy is one of which Our Lord would have much to say in the course of His life. He knows His people have built up a neat system of self-protection against the irksome problem of their contact with others. He is keenly aware of the rigor of their self-righteous justice, by which they grudgingly measure out the limits of their indulgence to the weaknesses and needs of their fellow men. That is why He sets Himself to introduce a new element into their contacts with one another: to highlight the most difficult, the less obvious deed of mercy: forgiveness of those who have offended them.

His mercy is not a mere softness of sentiment, based on natural attraction. Nor yet is it the calculation of cold social reform. Rather, He intends it to be a control of the emotions to respond more to need than to personality; but with that control, He demands a warmth that radiates from a convinced love in the human heart: "Love your enemies," Christ declares clearly, "do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who persecute and calumniate you."

But even this impartial kindness does not satisfy the merciful Saviour. He is not content that His followers forego revenge and return good for evil. The ideal that He sets up is a mercy that seems unconscious of the evil: "Do not judge. . ." He says in a sweeping statement, "do not condemn. . . Forgive. . ."

This is an extraordinary command. If Our Lord insists that we be so apparently unfeeling of our own reactions, He must have had an extraordinary reason. In fact, He never speaks of the need to practice mercy without indicating the exceptional benefits it would bestow upon those who follow His command: "Do not judge," He says, but He adds: "and you shall not be judged; do not condemn, and you shall not be condemned: forgive and you shall be forgiven." But more succinctly, He had already said: "Blessed

are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Self-interest, however, even the legitimate spiritual self-interest of our own need for mercy, is not the whole of Christ's reason for insisting upon the practice of forgiveness. He opens up His heart to show the special love that He entertains for those who imitate Him in this favorite virtue: "You shall be children of the Most High,"—He does not hesitate to say—"for He is kind toward the ungrateful and the evil. Be merciful, therefore, even as your Father is merciful."

The Jews who heard these words must have felt their hearts burn within them at the vision of such greatness possible to man. Despite the narrow, harsh image their leaders had presented to them of their God, they must have begun to recall the numerous evidences of God's boundless mercy toward mankind and themselves, described in their holy books. "The Lord is compassionate and merciful," the hundred and second Psalm said, "long suffering and plenteous in mercy. . . He hath not dealt with us according to our sins."

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**• Kind interpretations are imitations of the merciful benignity of the Creator finding excuses for His creatures.—Father Faber**

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Some of them may have thought of the delightful little tale of the involvements of the prophet Jonas in preaching God's vengeance on the sinful Ninivites. Jonas came to the city only under protest, as it were, a reluctant messenger of God's anger, preaching as he had been told. But the embarrassment he had foreseen was his only reward, for the Ninivites won God's heart by bewailing their sins, and Jonas' fiery predictions went unfulfilled. Going outside the city "troubled and angry," Jonas made his complaint: "I beseech Thee, O Lord, is not this what I said, when I was yet in my own country? Therefore I went before Thee to flee into Tharsis: for I knew that Thou art a gracious and merciful God, patient and of much compassion, and easy to forgive evil."

But the audience of Galilee did not need to consult their sacred books to discover the greatness of God's mercy. In a few short years, they were to follow the Son of God outside the walls of Jerusalem to the Hill of Calvary, to see how far mercy can be carried. There, the evidence of their senses would prove to them that God is indeed "a gracious and merciful God. . . easy to forgive evil." They would see

the God-Man hanging between two thieves, dying for those who have not wanted Him to live. They would be able to trace the pattern of His love in the endurance of His heart and to measure the vastness of His mercy by the wounds in His whole body. "Why did Christ at the set time," St. Paul observes, "die for the wicked when as yet we were weak? . . . God commends His charity toward us, because when as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us."

So it is that the Son of God chose to die between two criminals. In a sense, they represent the rest of mankind; they show the manner in which to lay hold of the gentleness of God. One of them, affected by his nearness to the Seat of Mercy, is moved to the only sort of mercy he can show. Forgetting his own pain, he publicly defends the innocence of his Companion, sorrowfully confessing his need of Him. To that thief, Christ addresses the rich promise: "Amen, amen, I say to you: this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." But to the other thief, Christ has nothing to say. The second companion of the crucified God died a worse sinner than he was before he saw Christ. For he hardened his heart in hate and cursed his executioners and, with them, the Man of Mercy by his side. Through these two sinners, the Merciful Saviour has left mankind an unforgettable illustration of His words on the Mount in Galilee: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

**F**ULFILLMENT of this Fifth Beatitude is not an easy task for men. When mercifulness is an act that establishes our superiority over the one who has offended us, it is fairly easy, for it involves its own reward. But often, to forgive means to swallow pride, and sometimes it seems, even to require the surrender of our self-respect. To forgive without revenge, before we have been asked, seems at times to make light of the very demands of justice. Our Blessed Saviour felt the force of that objection. For He died for sins that were not His; He paid the cost of forgiveness for those who would despise Him.

And, in the sight of all the people, when His enemies seemed to be the victors, He still cried aloud: "Father, forgive them. . ."

The God of Mercy became the man of mercy to teach us how forgiving we should be. The God who has a Heart for forgiveness became one of us, that He might refashion our hearts to be images of His own. Those who have listened to His words and understood His example know how to make for themselves, too, hearts for forgiveness.

# Stage

# and

# Screen

by JERRY COTTER



★ Michael Rennie and Victor Mature in a scene from "Demetrius and the Gladiators," which continues the story of "The Robe"

## Reviews in Brief

**DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS** is billed as a sequel to *The Robe*. It concentrates on the rather fabulous adventures of the Greek slave to whom the robe had been given by Marcellus as he marched to execution. In so doing the camera is able to focus on the dying days of pagan Rome from the bacchanals to the arena where Demetrius has been assigned the role of gladiator. These episodes are colorful and frank enough to appease those who claim that the screen is hampered in presenting the realities of a situation. They also restrict the film to adult audiences, despite the fact that Demetrius' escapades in the arena were obviously designed to attract and impress the juvenile mind. On the spiritual side, the screenplay is occasionally impressive, generally sincere, but never overpowering. The robe is used more or less as a gimmick to advance the plot, and somewhere along the way its initial and true significance is misplaced. Victor Mature is especially good as the slave, who renounces his Christian belief when a prayer is seemingly unanswered but returns in time to help overthrow the mad emperor. Susan Hayward, Debra Paget, Michael Rennie, Jay Robinson, Richard Egan, and Anne Bancroft are also excellent, though their efforts are dwarfed by the visual excitements. (20th Century-Fox)

**JOHNNY DARK** is a first-rate action yarn built around the sports car craze, crackling with tense race scenes and flecked with appealing scenic shots. It stars Tony Curtis as an auto plant engineer who builds a car of his own design, finds himself embroiled in a dispute between management and stockholders, and finally enters a border-to-border race. It is in these climactic scenes that the picture delivers top thrills. Don Taylor, Piper Laurie, Paul Kelly, and Sidney Blackmer are also featured in this pleasant, family-style adventure. (Universal-International)

The current revival of **GONE WITH THE WIND** is reaching a generation to whom Margaret Mitchell's Tara, Scarlett, and Rhett are, for the most part, hearsay. The social upheaval, the personal tragedies, and the purposeless carnage that marked the last days of the "old South" were vividly re-created by Miss Mitchell, and no less spectacularly dramatized in David Selznick's movie version. Viewing it

again, after fifteen years, one is impressed by the physical power of the production, but no less aware of its regrettably low moral tone, the tendency to create sympathy for those deserving much less and to approve the absence of moral principle in the behavior of the leading characters. Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, and Butterfly McQueen are splendid mimes, and the surface values are artfully developed. (Selznick International MGM)

An imaginative and intelligent adaptation of Daniel Defoe's classic, **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE** will satisfy all who have thrilled to this timeless tale of high adventure. Filmed in Mexico with Dan O'Herlihy of the Abbey Theater in the title role, the mood and the excitement of the book has been substantially recaptured. O'Herlihy's performance is convincing in every respect, and he is physically believable in the successively developed characterization of the lonely castaway. The youngsters of this generation will undoubtedly enjoy the picture version of a story that never loses its appeal, and those who read it way back when can be equally satisfied. It generates the sort of nostalgia you feel when coming across a picture of your first puppy in the family album. (United Artists)

A synthetic and unexciting safari to British East Africa is the basis of **TANGANYIKA**, which has been stenciled from the jungle-story file. Van Heflin, Howard Duff, and Ruth Roman try to vitalize a plot that was old-hat by the 1900 era in which this is set. Even the cameramen fail to rise above the mediocre. (Universal International)

New York's festering waterfront situation is the subject of a realistic and melodramatic evaluation in **ON THE WATERFRONT**. Filmed on the spot, it has the flavor of a documentary as it details the grim struggle for power by the racketeers of labor's shady fringe, and the cowed resentment of the rank and file who are victims of the mob. A waterfront priest figures prominently in the eventual rebellion, rallying the honest union members against the petty tyranny of the dock terrorists. Players and director have collaborated well in the creation of a forceful drama that manages to shed light on one aspect of a complicated, controversial situation. Marlon Brando is fine as a surly ex-pug.

and Karl Malden is surprisingly good as a padre of the piers. Eva Marie Saint, of the TV dramas, makes a favorable impress in her first movie, and fight fans will recognize antediluvian gladiators Tony Galento, Tami Mauriello, and Abe Simon as musclemen of another type. Adults who prefer their flicker fare rough, tough, and violent cannot complain about this exhibit. (Columbia)

**SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS** is one of those chuckle-crammed British comedies which brighten the jaded moviegoer's life at periodic intervals. If you enjoyed *Tight Little Island* a few seasons back, you'll find this equally delightful. It is replete with the whimsical inconsistencies, the sly humor, and the dour characterizations which mark these ambling comedies as distinctive. A tax rebellion in an Inner Hebrides village is the frame on which the pinwheel plot spins. Though some of the laughs are provincial, there is sufficient appeal to make this import attractive to most audiences. (Kingsley International)

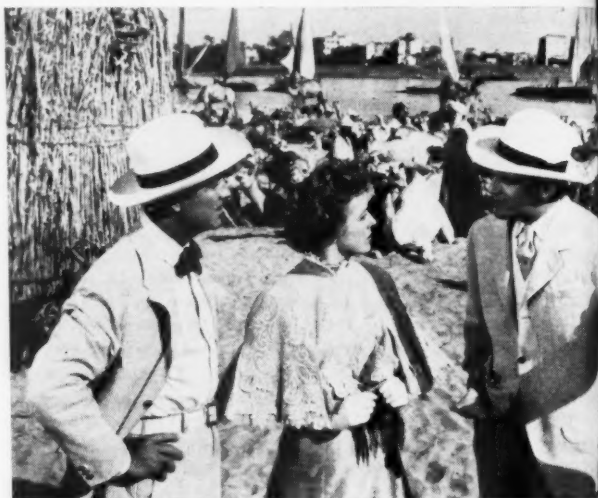
Courageous Helen Keller is the subject of **THE UNCONQUERED**, an absorbing documentary record of her unique life story. Blind and deaf since birth, Miss Keller's seventy-four years have been useful and full, as this intelligently prepared study indicates. Newsreel clips and specially filmed sequences bridge the years from Miss Keller's early hours under the skillful guidance of Anne Sullivan to the present. Katharine Cornell narrates the commentary. Even those who do not always agree with Miss Keller's views will admire the spirit, the determination, and the charm so evident in her victory. (Margolies)

**SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS** is a sprightly, dance-conscious musical set to country-style rhythm. It is a spectacular and colorful bit of adult escapism concerned with the fable of seven brothers on a lonely mountain farm who kidnap girls from town as their brides. An avalanche prevents pursuit by the townsfolk until thaw-time. Story-wise it is weak, but the cast, the photography, a lilting musical score, and imaginative treatment compensate for the commonplace plot. Jane Powell and Howard Keel are vocally and personally likeable as the principal romancers, while the others in the cast are noteworthy for their ability to leap and pirouette in the modern ballet manner. A generally amusing musical comedy. (M-G-M)

**RING OF FEAR** blends sawdust excitements with crime sleuthing and manages to create a suspenseful adult diver-

sion. Clyde Beatty's circus supplies the background of high wire acts, wild animal thrills, calliope accompaniment, and dazzling displays of dexterity. When an escaped homicidal maniac joins the troupe, the backstage suspense matches that in the arena. Circus fans are assured of a rousing hour under the big top, with the CinemaScope camera adding greatly to the visual effect. Pat O'Brien plays the circus manager. Clyde Beatty enacts his real-life role, author Mickey Spillane, Sean McClory, Marian Carr, and Emmett Lynn round out the cast. (Warner Bros.)

Cheops and his tomb are headline topics these days, so **VALLEY OF THE KINGS** should profit handsomely by its resemblance to current page-one dispatches. However, this excursion to the treasure-filled tombs of the Pharaohs is interesting enough in its own right to merit the attention of the adult moviegoer. Filmed in Egypt, with Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, Carlos Thompson, and Aldo Silvani in the leading roles, it is the story of an archeological search for the



★ Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, and Carlos Thompson search for Pharaoh's tomb in "Valley of the Kings"

tomb of Pharaoh Ra-hotep. Woven into the account are the usual romantic and melodramatic diversions, climaxed by the great discovery. Although the ground has been covered before, this has the advantage of intriguing backgrounds, good acting, and the aforementioned tie-in with the very latest Pharaohic discovery. (M-G-M)

**FRANCIS JOINS THE WACS** takes the garrulous mule through basic training with the girls in khaki. In many respects, this broad frolic is the funniest of the series, making up in frank slapstick what it lacks in originality. Donald O'Connor, Zasu Pitts, Lynn Bari, and Chill Wills add their specialized caperings to this generally amusing family comedy. (Universal International)

A brooding story of suspense framed against magnificent Mexican backgrounds, **GARDEN OF EVIL** registers most strongly in the visual department. Technicolor and CinemaScope are used with stunning effect to capture the rugged mountain terrain and set the mood for an unusual study in greed. The story line is in the conventional format, but a strong cast compensates for the slow pace and routine plot maneuvers. Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark, Hugh Marlowe, and Cameron Mitchell interpret their roles with considerable skill, but the real star of this impressive outdoor adventure is the man behind the camera. (20th Century-Fox)



★ Jane Powell and Robert Keel (third from right) star in the rollicking musical, "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers"





★ Gonzalez-Gonzalez, Clyde Beatty, and Pat O'Brien in the thrilling circus film, "Ring of Fear"

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are less frantic than usual in **LIVING IT UP**, a revised version of last season's stage hit *Hazel Flagg*. The story finds Lewis lionized and publicized in the big city because he is supposedly doomed to die of radium poisoning. He rides the carousel with enthusiasm, then confesses that a mistaken diagnosis by medico Martin is responsible. Adults who enjoy the stylized antics of the team may find some chuckles hidden in the nonsense. (Paramount)

Charles Laughton gets the opportunity to use all his acting tricks in **HOBSON'S CHOICE**, a British-made comedy about a domineering father who is taught to behave by his equally strong-willed daughter. Though the characterizations occasionally border on caricature, there is enough amusing material in the plot to balance the ledger. An amusing, and poignant, adult charade. (United Artists)

#### On the Theater Horizon

The shape of the forthcoming theater season is slowly evolving from the usual rash of advance reports and rumors. Judged by the list of "practically definite" plays, it promises to be an interesting semester. Though the drama's most ardent supporters might wish for a heavier schedule, just as they continually hope for higher artistic and moral standards, it does appear that the session ahead will be a challenging one.

On the horizon are two or three plays about St. Joan of Arc: Jean Arthur will appear in a revival of Shaw's oblique interpretation, Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine* will be brought back, and Jean Anouilh's *L'Alouette*, described as a "new treatment" of the subject will be translated by Lillian Hellman. Inasmuch as Miss Hellman has been a notorious leftist, the result bears watching.

Other items of potential interest include dramatizations of Walter Macken's Galway story, *Home is the Hero*, with Thomas Mitchell starred; Graham Greene's *The Living Room*, a possible presentation of the same author's *Heart of the Matter*; a new play by Clare Boothe Luce; Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution*; and Ann Frank's story of the Nazi terror, *Diary of a Young Girl*.

MacDonald Carey, now appearing in a broad comedy, will change pace by starring in his own production of *Day of Grace*, in which he appears as a Jesuit rector; Alec Guinness

is promised as Charles II in Maxwell Anderson's *Cavalier King*; Don Ameche and Hildegard Neff will co-star in a musical version of the anti-Communist comedy, *Ninotchka*; while Moira Shearer and Robert Helpmann will be seen in a special presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, imported from the Edinburgh Festival.

A musical version of *Seventh Heaven*, revivals of *Cabin in the Sky*, James M. Barrie's *Admirable Crichton*, and the 1925 musical comedy success, *Good News*, plus dramatizations of two current best sellers, *The Desperate Hours* by Joseph Hayes and *Sayonara* by James Michener, are also on the agenda.

While at first glance the foregoing list might seem to sparkle, actually it is just a surface gleam. For the most part the contemporary theater is superficial as it pretends to be sophisticated. Its destiny is controlled, not by audiences, but by a slick, sleek group which cleverly and rigidly dominates what those audiences shall and shall not see.

Members of this group include some critics, most producers, and those who toss on the table the magical greenbacks without which the finest script in the world cannot make the grade. Writers whose ideas and ideals do not conform to the pattern set by this clique had better stay home.

Though they would be the last to admit it, this group and its domination is primarily responsible for the current low ebb in the theater. They have made the emergence of a nationwide, truly national and democratic theater imperative.

#### Decency in Advertising

The subject of motion picture advertising has been discussed in this column many times, but even a hasty perusal of any metropolitan newspaper discloses that it is not a dated topic. Copy and layout emphasize the objectionable to a point often bordering on the obscene in far too many cases.

Over the years, the Advertising Code Administration has disclaimed any intention of permitting suggestiveness or vulgarity in movie advertising. To a degree, the Code has proved a deterrent. But it hasn't stopped Howard Hughes from plastering the nation with his lurid displays for *The French Line*, nor has it had jurisdiction over the importers of Italian and French movies of the "realism" school.

Apparently newspaper publishers aren't too concerned about the matter, either. So the standards which once prevailed in the field continue to deteriorate with alarming, and almost unchecked, speed. Often we find a movie, which has been rated suitable for adult audiences, advertised in a manner which would do discredit to a Minsky production.

Layouts and photographs emphasize nudity, violence, and unbridled passion with such moronic intensity and pleasure that you wonder what audience the producer is aiming at. The true content of many movies is smothered and distorted in copy which leers and smirks with all the originality of a burlesque-house comic.

Hollywood had better make up its mind. On the one hand we hear pious pronouncements from top producers declaring that the industry is heading for "greater maturity and a new era in which we shall concentrate on better stories and more important productions." On the other hand, it assaults prospective patrons with advertising displays which are lurid, indecent, and often disgusting.

Unless the industry can clean up this mess—and it is just that—the moviegoer should make his views felt through his local exhibitor, the newspapers which carry offensive ads, and the producers who have the temerity to foist such trash on the public.





*Photo by Sam Shere*  
**Dr. Roy Deferrari, secretary-general of Catholic University:**  
*We must bridge the gap between education and our daily affairs*

## ***Apostle of Education***

**DR. ROY J. DEFERRARI**, secretary-general of the Catholic University of America, is one of those rare men whose energies, wisdom, and breadth of achievement place him in a class apart. Scholar, administrator, author, teacher, and perhaps this country's outstanding apostle of Catholic education, he has probably done more than any other individual to raise the level of Catholic high school and university teaching. A classical scholar in his own right, he has written or edited dozens of volumes of classical studies despite the great burden of his other activities.

About the future of Catholic education, Dr. Deferrari is both realistic and optimistic. The next ten years, he believes, will see "Catholic education becoming more universal . . . and

less and less isolated from the main stream of American life. These changes are now going on."

Even the shortage of Catholic teachers can be solved, says Deferrari, "by increasing vocations through better courses in religion" and "by finding a proper place for the teaching layman in our schools. I firmly believe that the cost of lay teachers can be met. At present we are still frightened by expenditures for intangibles like good teaching power. We are still unduly influenced by brick and mortar."

Deferrari sees an important role for parents. To bridge the gap between Catholic education and American life, he asserts, "The Catholic parent must constantly make clear to the child how the things that he learns in his Catholic school relate to the affairs of his daily life."

# She Paints in Glass

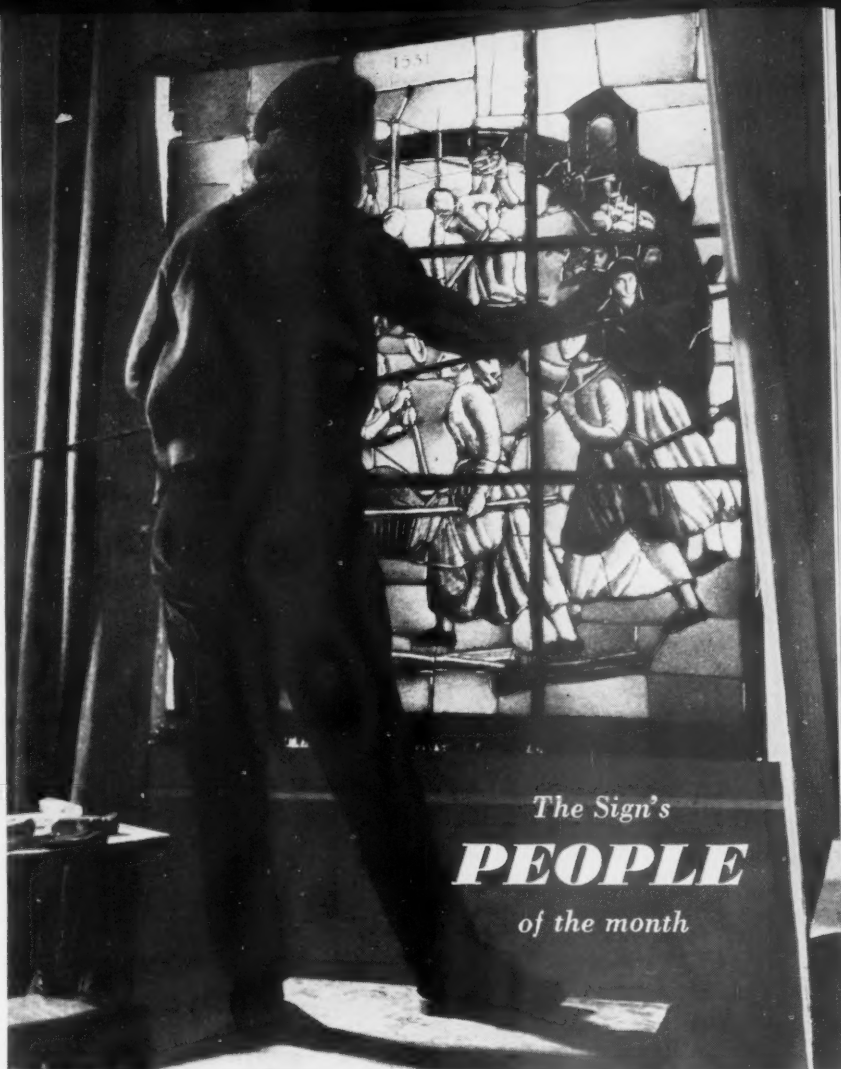
IN OLD AMSTERDAM, beside a picturesque canal, stands a high, gray house. In it lives a frail young woman known as Gisèle, a stained glass artist whose work rivals the best of the Middle Ages.

Her name in full is Gisèle van Waterschoot van der Gracht. If you chanced upon her work in one of many European churches, you would hardly believe it was the work of a thin, sensitive-looking woman. Producing stained glass windows is a job that is by no means light work. That Gisèle does it and does it so excellently is the marvel of many men in the field.

A student of Joep Nicholas, the well-known Dutch stained glass artist, Gisèle is fond of relating how he influenced her to take up this art form. "When I met Joep Nicholas," she says, "I was suddenly struck by the rich possibilities of color and rhythm offered by stained glass."

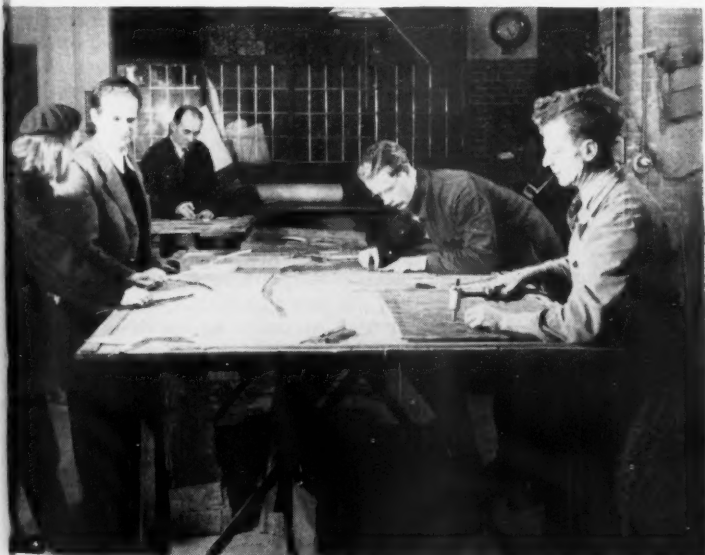
On one thing, Gisèle is emphatic: "Some people think that today we cannot do the same good work as the monks of the thirteenth century, but that's nonsense. We have the same materials to work with and three hundred different colors as well. The big difficulty today is to avoid becoming lost in the tremendous variety of color."

One glance at a window by Gisèle will confirm this view. As the sunlight splashes through the glass, the colors come vividly alive. Yet she achieves a harmony that few have surpassed.



The Sign's  
**PEOPLE**  
of the month

*Gisèle works in semi-darkness with sunlight streaming through window* Photos by Bokma—P.I.P.



*With the help of hundreds of drawings by Gisèle, workmen cut the glass just the right shape with electric, diamond-pointed cutting machines*



*Gisèle works at her drawing table for hours. The result: beautiful windows that inspire*

# SPORTS

by RED SMITH

IT IS held in some quarters that gambling is a sinful occupation, and yet I cannot believe this is true, because the horse player's heaven is such a pleasant place. It is called Saratoga and it made an irresistible appeal to coppery vacationers of the Five Nations centuries before Gentleman Johnnie Burgoyne showed up there in 1777 to gamble and lose in one of the great decisive battles of the world, just as it has appealed in more recent times to such as Lucky Luciano, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, and Frank Erickson.

If a horse player behaves himself for eleven months of the year; if he pays his taxes and saves enough money to send his children to college so they may be ashamed of him later; if he thinks clean thoughts and honors the code of his class (the late, great Joe H. Palmer listed three commandments for racegoers: "Never take worse than 5 to 2, never trust a man called Doc or Whitey, and never carry a parcel by the string"); if he performs all these things faithfully and well, then in August he gets to go to Saratoga.

August is the month when the horse player is turned out on grass. Released from the asphalt purgatory of the metropolitan tracks, he may dawdle through the serene mornings breakfasting on the clubhouse veranda, loaf in leafy shade while the horses are saddled before him in the afternoon, and, although gentlemen are expected to wear jackets in the clubhouse, he may remove shoes and socks and wiggle his toes in luxuriant turf.

August is the month when one of America's great industries makes at least a partial return to its beginnings and becomes temporarily one of America's great sports.

It must be admitted, however, that "heavenly" is not the only adjective ever applied to Saratoga. During and immediately after the Civil War, the beauty and fashion of several continents were patrons of the track and gambling casino operated by the Hon. John Morrissey, a saloon brawler and prize fighter who served in Congress

and there made the statesmanlike offer to whip any ten Representatives in the House. In those days Saratoga was known as "Morrissey's elegant hell."

Physically, though, the place must have been then very much as it is today. It is a leisurely place of tall elms and bright sunshine, of sparkling waters which some August visitors are reputed to taste, of cool, clipped lawns and hot, clipped customers.

We return to Joe Palmer for one of the happiest marginal notes on the clipping of visitors. Covering the racing for the *New York Herald Tribune*, Mr. Palmer paid rent on a house which he found to be also occupied by a black cocker spaniel of good breeding and excellent manners, obviously a family pet except that there was no family around to claim him. It seemed unlikely that such a fine animal could be a stray and a moocher, yet this was the only explanation until a man versed in local custom proposed another.

"That dog," said the man, "is a genuine Saratogian. Chances are he's rented his doghouse to an out-of-town dog for August."

Saratoga is expensive and antiquated and somewhat lacking in creature comforts. Its hotels are inadequate or outmoded or both, and instead of modern conveniences for grandstand customers the track offers a fountain to gaze upon and a blue canoe riding empty on the infield lake. This green valley at the foot of the Adirondacks can be unspeakably hot in August, and the thunderstorms which sweep down from the mountains are unmatched elsewhere in savage fury.

Yet it is one of the few places in this land where racing is more sport than business, and its senile charm does not lessen with the years. The same people come back summer after summer and, as is usually the case with those following a well-loved routine, find themselves doing the same things they did and enjoyed last August.

These things may begin with an early-morning visit to the bosky groves where the horses are stabled and breakfast, for

the fortunate, in Max Hirsch's quarters. Mr. Hirsch, trainer for the vast King Ranch of Texas, teaches horses to run and dogs to climb trees, and in the kitchen Virgie works barefoot, doing magic with wheat cakes. "Bring me," pleaded an awed visitor named Aly Khan, "some more of those round things."

There will be other breakfasts on the clubhouse veranda where Mr. Frank Stevens conducts services, wedding blueberry muffins to Saratoga melons in a marriage made in heaven. As you sip your coffee, horses are taking their morning exercises on the track at your elbow and you tell yourself, well, the rich hang sporting prints in their dining rooms but here are prints beyond the gift of any mortal artist.

The trainers are not always enchanted by this breakfast scene, for at many of the tables sit owners of the horses that the trainers train. Eleven months a year, a trainer who knows his business can make his boss keep his proper place, which, as everyone knows, is in Wall Street getting money to pay the training bills. At Saratoga, however, the owners come out and look at their horses and watch what the trainers are doing with them. Trainers consider this unmannerly if not downright unethical.

In the evenings there are the yearling auctions where a man may slap at a mosquito and discover that when he lifted his hand he bought a horse for \$50,000. The afternoons are for racing, and that's the sport and the sport's the thing. There's where the stories are made that become myth and legend.

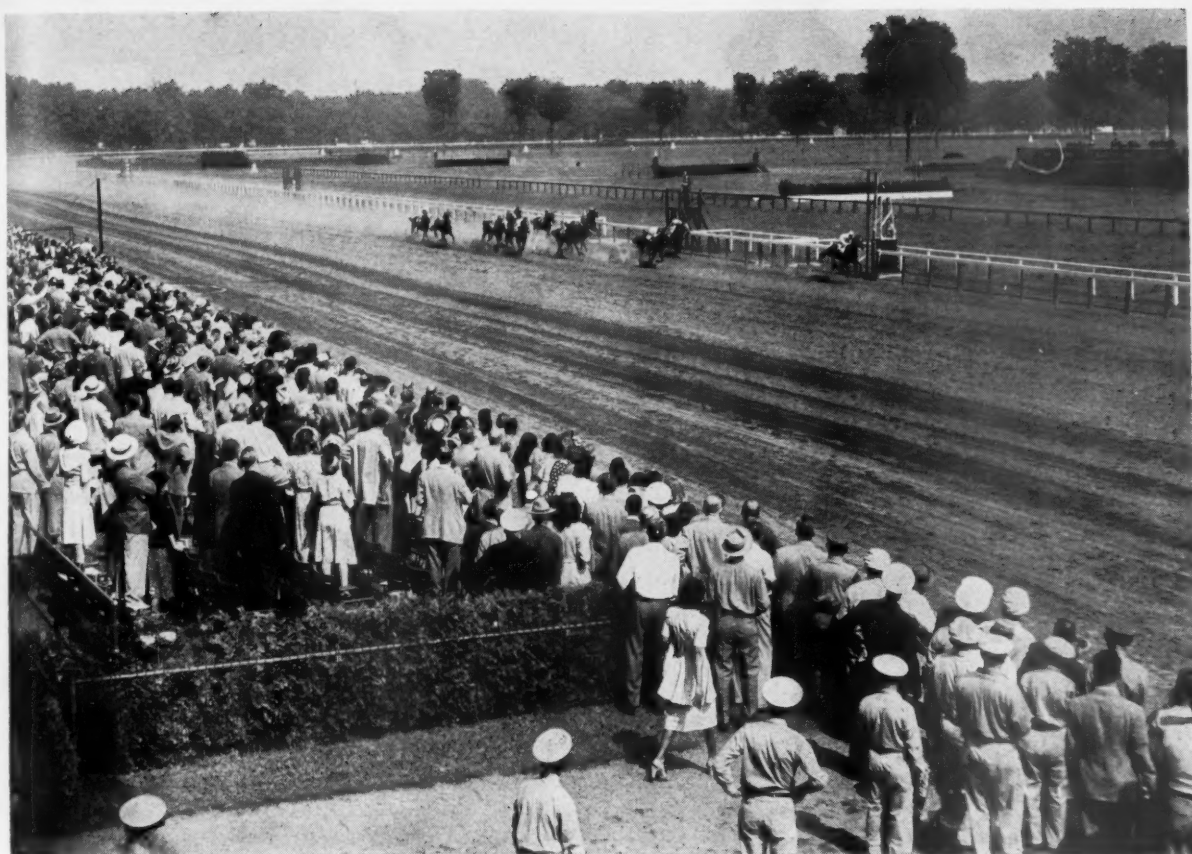
IT was, for example, on the afternoon of August 13, 1919, at Saratoga, that the immortal Man o' War, unbeaten in his first six races, made his seventh start in the \$5,000 Sanford Memorial Stakes for two-year-olds at three-quarters of a mile. He was beaten half a length by Upset and this was to be his only defeat.

The versions of that race which you hear today would be unrecognizable to those who were eye-witnesses. Because Mars Cassidy, New York's regular starter, was ill, C. H. Pettingill sent the field away and there are those who will tell you now that Man o' War was faced around backward at the start. Many people have the impression there were only two horses in the race. Partly because Man o' War's owner, Samuel D. Riddle, spoke ill of Johnny Loftus in later days, it is often stated as fact that the jockey was suspended after that race and never rode Man o' War again.

Actually, these are the facts:

The start was poor but not exceptionally uneven and Man o' War was off fifth in a field of seven. In the opin-





Coming to the finish line at Saratoga, which every August becomes a horse player's paradise

United Press

ion of Willie Knapp, who rode Upset. Loftus got excited and rushed the favorite up too fast, then made another mistake trying to get through on the rail.

Running immediately behind the pace-making Golden Broom, Man o' War had Upset at his right, locking him in. When Loftus took back to go outside, Knapp gunned Upset and just staved off Man o' War's closing rush. Loftus was not suspended and he rode Man o' War in his three remaining races that year.

Though that wasn't a match race, Saratoga has had some great ones. Possibly the most famous was run in 1872 between Harry Bassett and Longfellow, the greatest of their day. They went two miles and a quarter for the Saratoga Cup.

At the very start, Longfellow struck his left forefoot and twisted the shoe. Harry Bassett was slightly in front from the break, but Longfellow was under a hard pull. He forged up to his rival's girth and was taken back. Twice again he hauled up to Harry Bassett's head inside the first mile and a half.

Now the shoe had been bent double and driven into the sole of the foot. With a quarter-mile to go, his rider

called on him and Longfellow tried to respond. He faltered, lurched, spread his forelegs wide. With a tremendous effort he recovered, got up to Harry Bassett's girth again and then wobbled in, beaten a length. When Longfellow tried to pull up, the pain was so terrible that twice he came near falling on his head. He limped to the stewards' stand on three legs. He never raced again.

THERE were 30,000 at Saratoga on August 16, 1930, to see Gallant Fox, winner of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and Belmont Stakes, race Harry Payne Whitney's Whichone, the champion two-year-old of 1929, in the Travers Stakes. Gallant Fox, with the unforgettable Earl Sande up, was 1 to 2 in the books; Whichone, ridden by the brilliant Sonny Workman, was 6 to 5.

A stubborn Irishman named Johnny McKee put a third horse in the race, a chestnut named Jim Dandy that had been out of the money sixteen times in twenty starts and had earned exactly \$125 that season. (Gallant Fox had averaged \$10,000 per minute of racing.) Grinning, the bookmakers made Jim Dandy 100 to 1.

First it was Whichone and Workman,

then it was Gallant Fox and Sande, then Whichone by a head going to the far turn. Then—slipping up along the rail came the mud-spattered chestnut, carrying a kid named F. J. Baker to the front. The crowd waited for this upstart to come back to the others. He did not come back. Daylight opened behind him. It widened to six lengths. At the end it was Jim Dandy galloping, at 100 to 1.

It is, as a rule, at Saratoga that the great ones show their class as two-year-olds, for the emphasis there is on young horses. It was there Middleground made the beginning of his reputation, and there Bimelech, Whirlaway, Devil Diver, and Pavot established themselves. It was there Max Hirsch put Assault across at 71 to 1 in the Flash Stakes, showing the class that was to win the Triple Crown the following spring.

It was there Alfred Vanderbilt and Bill Winfrey proved to others what they already believed about the greatness of their mighty gray, Native Dancer. It was also there that Mrs. Langtry, the famous Jersey Lily, stirred up a bobbery by appearing publicly in red shoes.

All manner of champions come out at Saratoga.





ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CHAN

# TROUBLE at Mach One

NEL D COULDN'T PUT THINGS OFF FOREVER... HE HAD TO KNOW.

by Donovan Fitzpatrick

BY three o'clock that afternoon the temperature in the small office was over ninety—excuse enough to knock off for the day. And if he went home now, the Colonel thought wryly, he might have time for a quiet swim before the flyboys took over.

He crossed to the window overlooking the airfield, noting absently that a B-25 was turning on its final approach. Heat shimmered in waves above the asphalt runways and laid an almost visible weight on the ocher soil and blue-green sage of the desert that stretched flat to the mountains. This was the 350th Air Force Base Unit, Colonel Mark Desmond commanding. A secret base, eighty miles from nowhere. It had a tower but no range station, and you would not find it on any Radio Facility Chart.

The B-25 rolled to a stop and the Colonel's brain finally registered what his eyes had been seeing: the tail assembly was painted bright red—General Madigan's personal ship. *Trouble*, the Colonel thought. Madigan was a day early—the test of the X-102 wasn't scheduled till tomorrow.

He turned away from the window, a stocky, rugged man of forty, with a lined and weathered face burned to mahogany by the desert sun. He sat again at the desk. The early swim was off. When he got home now he'd find the place cluttered with pilots, eating his food and dancing or playing gin rummy with his wife. The food he didn't mind; you could always buy more. But what was happening to his marriage was not so easily handled.

The door banged open and General

Madigan strode in, a bull of a man with cold eyes and the stub of a dead cigar between his teeth. He dropped into a chair and ran a thick finger around the inside of his collar. "We've got trouble, Mark."

"Big trouble?"

"Big enough. That civilian pilot—Hendricks—can't agree with Mercury Aircraft on what he ought to be paid for the test. He wants a bigger bonus."

"I see his point," the Colonel said slowly, "after what happened to Bill Cartwright." He slouched a little in his chair, thinking that testing the new wing on the X-102 wasn't anybody's dream job. Three weeks ago its sister ship, the X-101, had crashed and burned during its first high-speed runs. Cartwright had never made contact with the tower after starting through the transonic zone. What had happened, no one would ever know. The cameras had burned along with the plane.

"That's only medium trouble," the Colonel said. "Hendricks and the company will come to terms eventually."

"Eventually isn't good enough. I just heard from the Pentagon. They want the test tomorrow, as scheduled."

Washington, the Colonel thought. Bolling Field. There he had met and married Nora. He'd been happy there.

"Any of your boys know the ship well enough to fly it tomorrow?" the General said.

"No. No one but me."

The General removed his cigar and inspected it carefully. "That means I'm really on the hook."

The Colonel almost laughed. "Let's

not be coy, Ralph. You know you'll get your test tomorrow."

The General stared at him. "I didn't want to ask you, Mark." His voice was surprisingly soft.

"I'm volunteering. I know the One-two as well as Hendricks."

"Yeah. But there's nasty talk about the airplane, Mark. And no guarantee it won't end up like the One-one. The fact that Cartwright rode it into the ground without bailing out . . ."

"It still has to be tested," the Colonel said impatiently. "And you're off the hook."

General Madigan studied him curiously. "You've got your back up about something."

The Colonel shrugged. "I've been flying this desk too long, maybe. About Cartwright—he was just a kid; probably lost his head. I don't expect any trouble I can't handle."

"Don't underestimate, boy. You've got to bring a new and untried airplane up to Mach one-point-three—and back again. It won't be any picnic."

"At the altitude," the Colonel said, "that's about 1000 miles an hour. Pretty fast."

"I can remember when three hundred was fast." The General heaved to his feet. "All right, I'll fly back down tomorrow. Meanwhile, keep this under your hat. We got enough bad publicity when the One-one crashed."

The Colonel smiled thinly. "You expect trouble, eh, Ralph?"

"God forbid." The General chewed his cigar. "You can change your mind."

"No. I'll take the ride. Come on, I'll walk out to your airplane with you."

The B-25 slipped down the runway and lifted smoothly into the air. When he could no longer hear the sound of its engines the Colonel turned and struck off along the gravel road that led to the cluster of officer's homes at the south end of the field. He walked slowly, preoccupied with his thoughts.

It was worry about his wife that he couldn't shake off. In the five months they'd been married he had never, until recently, thought much about the difference in their ages. Twenty-five and thirty-nine didn't sound bad. But his fortieth birthday two weeks ago—it was as if a door had swung closed, he on one side and Nora on the other.

And with her were the pilots, youngsters her own age, full of beans and ready for fun and frolic. The Colonel found them juvenile, boring—but Nora seemed to have a good time with them. She certainly didn't object to their constant hanging around.

*Her solicitude bothered him—as if he were eighty and tottering*

Tired and dusty, he turned in at his house, a two-story structure that had been built for the general in command when the field first opened. The general had liked his comfort—thus the flagstone terrace and blue-tiled swimming pool in the rear. It was the only pool on the field and had cost the taxpayers plenty. Lately the Colonel had wished the general hadn't bothered.

He went upstairs and changed into swimming trunks, hearing the beat of rumba music from the portable record player. From the bedroom window he could look down on the terrace. An army nurse sat on the edge of the pool, kicking her feet in the water; a half-dozen officers lounged in unmilitary attitudes, watching Nora and Captain Schuyler do the rumba.

They looked, the Colonel thought, as if they shared some secret—dancing smoothly, shoulders almost motionless, staring into each other's eyes. Nora wore a dark blue dress, and gold sandals on her bare feet. Her long hair, pale as sand, swung against the motion of her body. The Colonel turned away, feeling reluctant about joining the group, as if he were an outsider.

When he stepped through the French doors onto the terrace, Nora came to him in her long, swinging stride. She said, "Hello, darling," and kissed him lightly.

"You look tired, Mark. Want me to fix you a drink?"

"No," he said abruptly. "I want to get wet first."

Usually he dived into the pool from the side but now, on sudden impulse, he climbed the diving tower to the ten-foot board. He was immediately sorry, aware that everyone was watching. He made the approach and executed a swan dive; and simultaneously with the shock of the cool water breaking over him he experienced a kind of shame at having tried to show off. He swam the length of the pool and pulled himself out of the water.

NORA had a glass of cola and ice waiting. "Here you are, Colonel, sir," she said. "Sit down and relax."

He dropped into a wicker lounge, still puffing lightly from the swim.

"Hard day, darling?" Nora said.

"The usual. Dull, but scarcely back-breaking. What's with you?"

Nora shrugged. "Nothing exciting. By the way, that was a pretty good dive."

Pretty good for me, the Colonel thought; is that what you mean? Her solicitude bothered him. Hurrying to make him a drink, saying, "You look tired." As if he were eighty and tottering. He tried to put the thought out of his mind.

Captain Schuyler, standing by the edge of the pool, called to Nora: "Check this, Nora. Ross has five dollars that says I can't do it." He trotted over to the diving tower and climbed the ladder, moving with economical grace.

He made the approach, bounced high. He described a back flip, legs tucked close to his body and then opening as he came down again on the board. He bounced once more and went into a one-and-a-half, cutting the water cleanly.

"Wow!" Nora cried, clapping her hands. Schuyler emerged from the pool, laughing. Everybody applauded, except the Colonel.

He sat on the wicker lounge, thinking that here was the concrete expression of his worry. Schuyler had pointed up the difference between twenty-five and forty. It was as if he had said to Nora, "Can your middle-aged husband do this?" The comparison wouldn't escape her, the Colonel thought wearily; and one day she would say to herself: What am I doing married to this man fifteen years older than I?

And that would be all. He would lose her, to someone her own age, a proper playmate. The cola tasted like vinegar in his mouth.

THEY came out of the hangar and walked down the ramp to where the X-102 stood shining in the sun. Needle-nosed, with thin, swept-back wings, it looked sleek as a fish. It carried three tons of fuel and its jet thrust was rated at 6500 pounds.

Laced into his G-suit, the Colonel sweated profusely. He handed his plastic helmet to the General and climbed into the narrow cockpit. General Madigan stepped up on the wing walkway and helped him adjust the shoulder harness.



He could see the earth coming closer

"It'll be over in half an hour," the General said cheerfully. "Just a straight run, then come down." He chattered on, betraying his nervousness.

The Colonel nodded now and then, studying the controls and instruments. He could see them with his eyes closed.

The General laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "If things get too rough, don't be afraid to step out."

The Colonel glanced at the ejector handle. "I figure I'll stay with it."

"Good luck, boy; I'll be in the tower." The General stepped down and stood looking at the aircraft for a moment, then turned and went down the ramp.

He took off on the jet engine—the four rocket motors were for the high-speed run—and at one-seventy-five the heavy plane was airborne. Below twenty-five it handled sluggishly, and the Colonel held it in a straight climb toward the mountains.

HE kept the speed at five hundred, eyes ranging over the instruments, occasionally glancing over the side. The field was on his left and he caught a sudden bright flash—the glint of sunlight on the swimming pool. And as he sat now in a jet plane moving up past twenty thousand feet, the Colonel felt completely miserable. It seemed only a matter of time until his wife arrived at the point of wanting a man her own age. What to do about it, he didn't know. Indecision held him in a vise. There seemed no answer.

He leveled off and called the tower. General Madigan's voice sounded loud in the earphones. "I'm reading you, Mark. How is it?"

"Okay. I'm starting the run."

He turned on the recording instruments. The 102 was a flying laboratory: manometers to measure pressure on the wings; several hundred electric strain gauges. Positioned in the cockpit were five cameras to record the test.

He punched the button setting off the first rocket, felt himself being pushed back in the seat as the aircraft accelerated sharply. He set off the other three rockets at the prescribed intervals, hearing the muffled crash as each rocket blasted, and then the sound faded away and the acceleration became a constant, grinding force as the plane went into the transonic zone. He watched the Mach meter. Speed was only a soft hissing sound and a fantastic number on a dial. Mach point eight . . . point nine . . . Mach one . . .

The plane tried to "tuck under"—going into a sudden, wrenching dive that smacked his head back against the rest. He felt a hot, dry sensation in his eyes—the beginning of a red-out—but the G-suit inflated immediately. He hauled back on the stick and brought

the plane out of the dive, cursing softly.

The 102 began to buck—violent, jolting shudders that yanked him against his shoulder harness—and tried to tuck under again; but this time he was ready, keeping a steady pressure on the stick; and then he was through the transonic zone, the 102 moving silent and smooth as a gull and the Mach meter steady at one-point-three.

HE cut the rockets and came down to five hundred miles an hour and again the aircraft tried to nose down. This is the beginning of whatever happened to Cartwright, he thought. They gave us an airplane with built-in dive.

He switched off the cameras and called the tower. The General answered immediately. "Yes, Mark. You all right?"

"I'm okay," the Colonel said. "But this airplane is a dog. I had to prop it up with both hands to keep it in the air." His voice took on an edge. "It wants to dive—so I'm going to give it a chance."

"No, Mark!" The General's voice raised an octave. "We'll check that later."

"I don't want to wait till later," the Colonel said harshly. "I have to know now. You can't put things off forever." He clicked off the mike and sat for a full minute, surprised. It was as if someone else had spoken, and the words had another meaning.

He turned on the cameras again. He was asking for trouble, but there seemed in him a compulsion stronger than his natural caution. He blasted the rockets and waited while the acceleration built up; and when the plane tucked under he let it go, holding a loose hand on the stick.

The vibration started after he passed 20,000 feet. He cut the rockets, but the vibration grew until the entire plane shook violently.

He knew the exact moment when the controls froze, feeling the rigidity transmit itself to the stick.

He looked at the ejector handle. No, he thought; if I bail out now the cameras will be lost.

Pulling on the stick now would be like trying to move a steel beam set in concrete. He forced himself to wait while the 102 screamed down past fifteen thousand, thirteen, eleven, hoping that in the thicker air the plane might slow up enough so that the compressibility that was freezing the controls would disappear. Over the nose he could see the earth coming closer, the blurred pattern of the desert taking on clarity and sharpness.

At eight thousand he could wait no longer. One more try, then he'd pull the

ejector handle and blow the cockpit out of the plane. He wrapped both hands around the stick and pulled, putting his back into it.

The airplane whipped out of the dive and into a zoom, pointing into the sky. The enormous pressure drove him down into the seat; his jaw fell open and the flesh on his cheeks sagged. A dark curtain dropped over his eyes as the blood drained from his head, and he passed out.

He came out of the blackness slowly, and for several seconds he stared dully at the brassy blue sky in front of him before he realized that the plane was still climbing. He leveled off as best he could, shaking his head and trying to bring his eyes into focus.

He looked out at the wings and again he cursed softly, but this time in wonder. The metal was buckled and rippled like a washboard and he felt a kind of awe as he realized that he must have been under a pressure of 12 g's, perhaps more. Even the air bladders in the G-

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• Prayer moves an arm that is almighty, and that arm moves the world.—Rev. Vincent McNabb

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suit hadn't prevented him from blacking out.

By the time he came over the field his head had cleared, but his body felt as if it had been worked over with a rubber hose. He made a sloppy landing, using the entire runway, and the plane had scarcely stopped rolling when General Madigan careened up in a jeep.

The General stared incredulously at the twisted wings. "My God," he said finally, "I ought to court-martial you."

The Colonel climbed out of the cockpit and leaned against the fuselage. His legs trembled. Another pilot would have bailed out and then where would you be, he thought, a younger man, like Schuyler or Ross. They would have made a mess of it. "I got the whole story on the cameras," he said and told the General what had happened.

The General snorted. "The airplane that likes to fly straight down. Somebody's going to sweat for this. Feel like writing your report now?"

"Yeah," the Colonel said. "And what I'm going to say won't make Mercury Aircraft happy."

Two hours later the Colonel left his office and climbed into a jeep. As he drove home he was aware of his sore and aching body, yet at the same time he knew a strange exhilaration; he felt rough and gritty, as if he wanted to pit his strength against something or someone. He seemed to be free of the

apathy and depression of the past weeks.

He parked in front of the house and went inside. From upstairs Nora called, "Mark? Be down in a few minutes."

He went out on the terrace. Captain Schuyler and Lt. Ross were taking their ease at the edge of the pool. "Afternoon, Colonel," Captain Schuyler said easily, "I heard you were going to test the new ship today."

"I did," the Colonel said. "Gentlemen, I hate to deprive you of the pleasures of the pool—I may sound inhospitable—but I've had a hard day. Do you mind taking off?"

There was a pause. "Something wrong, sir?" Lt. Reilly said.

"Nothing wrong. As I said, it's been a hard day. I crave solitude." He stood flatfooted, staring at them.

"Okay, sir," Captain Schuyler said. He hesitated. "Colonel, we've sort of planned on a little party here tonight. Nora—that is, Mrs. Desmond . . ."

"That's out, too," the Colonel said. "Sorry."

AFTER they had gone, the Colonel went into the kitchen, opened a bottle of cola, and returned to the terrace. He sipped the drink thoughtfully and waited.

Nora came out in a few minutes, lovely in a white summer dress, her hair long and loose on her shoulders. She looked around, her eyes puzzled. "What happened to the birdmen?"

"I told them to go away."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

She sat down beside him. "What's the matter, Mark?"

"I got fed up with having the place cluttered with flyboys every time I came home." He studied the bottle of cola, afraid now to meet her eyes. "I realize that you may not approve."

Nora laughed suddenly. "Oh, but I do. But really."

"Yeah? It seemed to me you liked having them around."

"Once in a while, Mark. But it was getting to be too much." She tucked her legs under her and said slowly, "Oh, I know—single men, lonely, stuck out here in the wilderness. And I suppose it's part of my job to keep your boys happy . . . but it's a strain, Mark. I can't keep up with them." She turned to face him directly. "It's odd, when you think of it. These kids, flying airplanes worth millions of dollars, really doing a man's work . . . and yet they're so young, so very young." She chuckled. "They'll probably think you're a beast, but I'm glad you did it. I'm tired of playing hostess every day."

"Well, I'll be darned," the Colonel said. He looked at the bottle of cola as if it were filled with diamonds.



# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Jewish Converts

I WAS CARRYING two new books when I met a woman whom I know as an eager beaver for anything new in the literary line, and she stopped to ask me what the books were.

"They are by two recent converts to the Church—both of them Jewish," I told her and showed her *Before the Dawn* and *All In Good Time*.

Her eyes widened and she looked at the books as if they were not good reading but something a bit unpleasant. "Really?" she said. "You mean they are Catholics now?" And I assured her they were indeed, just like herself, a cradle Catholic, and myself, a convert from the Episcopal Church.

My questioner represents the unfortunate viewpoint of some Catholics in regard to the growing number of Jewish converts. In the case of the Jews, there is an inheritance of suspicion that goes far back, as far in fact as the bitter words uttered against Our Lord. The present dispute in the Near East has caused many people to sympathize with the dispossessed Arabs. But surely that has nothing to do—either the present or the long ago past—with Jews who come into the Catholic Church. And bigoted ignorance can do much harm and surely will wound converts who have taken this truly great and difficult step. If any need the helping hand of love and understanding, it is surely these, and here Catholics should show that they are, in the memorable words of Pius XII, "spiritually Semites."

There is one way in which you can explain yourself if you are literate, and even more if you are literary, and that is by a book. Jewish converts have done this. Ràissa Maritain, in her lovely *We Have Been Friends Together*, tells how she and her famous philosopher husband came into the Church. There is the fascinating account of the Ratisbonne brothers of a century ago, sons of a wealthy Jew of Alsace, both of whom became priests and who built a Catholic church and convent and school in Jerusalem. It was they who said that those of their race who adopted the faith of Christ were changing the terrible phrase, "His blood be on us and our children" to "His blood be for us and our children." Edith Stein is another convert, the brilliant young Austrian teacher who became a Catholic and then a Carmelite, and suffered persecution and death under the Nazis both for her faith and her race. There is her biographer, Father Oesterreicher, himself a convert of years ago. There is Karl Stern whose book is one of the best to come from the lost, charming world of prewar Vienna.

## Paths to the Church

THE TWO BOOKS I was carrying when I met the doubtful lady are by Jewish converts whose paths to the Church were very different; one a former Rabbi, steeped in Hebraic wisdom, a man who conformed always to the laws of his faith, the other a writer of popular novels, the child of English parents who did not in any way follow the tenets of their faith.

Eugene Zolli was the chief Rabbi of Rome, a man of great learning, but he says he came to the Faith by way of charity and not of erudition. Of a learned rabbinical family, well

educated, he eventually was appointed to the highest office of his faith in Rome. In his little book he tells of great facts learned in his later years—how "in the charity of Christ there are neither differences nor discriminations," and how "in Christ every sorrow becomes pure and holy." He was greatly moved by the charity of Pius XII as he saw it during the German occupation in Rome. In his preface he quotes Christ saying, "Arise and walk," and adds, "I obey; with a heart filled with sadness, I rise and follow in the footsteps of Christ."

On the other hand, G. B. Stern writes lightly, but her conversion is as deep as his. She is an intellectual from a non-practicing Jewish family, who happily celebrated Christmas with gifts and carols, something she writes of now as "Christmas without meaning." Her first school was one where she and a few Catholic children were excluded from morning chapel; her next was a continental finishing school where she and the Protestants were excluded. This did not make her unhappy, but it gave her a vague sense of not belonging. Her motto for years was, "It is true, I know it is, but it is for the others." This troubled wish to belong to Christianity took her to the Jesuit church in London where she lighted candles to St. Francis Xavier—"hoping it was all right."

Why did she enter the Church? She says one thing which drew her was that she wanted so terribly to be first with someone. With Christ, she knew she was, since everyone in the world who asks it is first with Him.

From the Rabbi with his background of suffering, who remembered in childhood seeing a crucifix in the home of a Catholic neighbor who was very charitable, to the woman of the world whose life lay always in pleasant places, is a far cry, but the Household of the Faith has plenty of room for all.

## The Way of Charity

THE JEWS WHO come to us, despite their erudition, come not through their learning, as their stories make clear. They come chiefly because of the love they had seen manifested to them by Christians. Writes Zolli of the bitter war years when the Holy Father was the rescuer of so many: "An army of priests worked to provide bread for the persecuted and passports for the fugitives. Orphans of all nations and religions are gathered together and cared for. No sacrifice is too great to help the innocent flee from those who seek their death. A learned religious works to save Jews and is himself a martyr. Sisters endure hunger to feed the refugees." And he adds, "the charity of the Gospel is the light that showed the way to my old and weary heart."

For years we Catholics have helped to bring food and clothing to the lost of all lands through the wonderful Bishops' Fund and among these lost have been Jews—"a remnant of a remnant." We have been quick to help them with the material food they must have to sustain life, the clothing to keep them warm. Surely, then, if some come to us for spiritual help we cannot be less willing to give it, to help them, in the phrase of G. B. Stern, "to belong," to assure them the Faith is not only for "the others" but for them too. And we can assure them by the authority of the greatest of His race who said, "Come to Me" to all of us.



# Goo, Gab, and Glamour

You'll be shocked when  
you hear what Young America  
is reading. But will you  
do something about it?

by JOHN WYNNE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

EVERY month approximately forty million Americans, young in mind if not years, pay twenty cents each to learn the answers to such provocative posers as "Does Lana Really Love Rex?", "How Saintly is Siren Jane Russell?", and "Look What's Happening to Farley!"

As extra tidbits for members of the nationwide fan cult, they offer a dose of gay illiteracy *à la* Louella, a lush assortment of "cheesecake" and "beefcake" rotogravure (seminude photos of movieland figures and physiques), plus about eighty pages of unadulterated "private-life" trash direct from the studio publicity department quarry.

It might be funny, if it weren't so serious. Certainly there is wry humor in reading a thrice-married star's advice on "How You Can Have a Happy Marriage," or in curling up at the knee of a putty-nose comic as he details a philosophy of life as dangerous as it is muddled, or marveling at the perennially adolescent Miss Parsons chants: "how ironic it is that the gay, dancing, singing heroines June Haver has played in so many movies have never come true for her in private life." The real irony here is that Miss Louella, queen bee of the gossip columnists, is a professed Catholic who certainly should be

better informed than to write that sort of drivel.

But this is the world of movie magazines, as far removed from reality as a campaign speech, gay, tinselly, bright-hued, and light-headed. Month by month readers get a diet which, if taken internally, would ulcerize the sturdiest stomach. It offers a wonderful land of make-believe where actors are paragons, and oracles in the bargain, where scandalous behavior is written off as "artistic temperament," and cloudy standards of morality are coated in peppermint-stick hues.

Writers, editors, and ghostwriters in this crazy-quilt métier plunge in where angels hesitate. They create illusions and mold fantasies, build new ideals and destroy the old, do a high-pressure job of star selling, and set out to influence the youngsters who spend a lazy hour or two learning how Cyd Charisse "spiced up" her marriage, and why Jane Powell just "had" to end her idyllic marital venture.

If every reader of a fan magazine was mature, well-established emotionally, and capable of panning the occasional nugget from the silt, little harm would be done. For the most part they are not. The youngster with half-formed opinions, impressionable mind, and a tendency to hero-worship is the special target of the fan magazines and the studios which use them to further the box-office attractiveness of their stars. If the youngster in question has little home guidance and less religious background to counterbalance the contents of her favorite movie magazine, the chances are much greater that she'll be swayed by the mishmash philosophy attributed to her current star crush.

For example, Richard Widmark is quoted in *Modern Screen* concerning what he calls a "regular Sunday spectacle in rural Ireland." Widmark's article is called "God Lives in Every Church," and he says: "You can go to any small village (in Ireland) on a Sunday morning and find that while many men accompany their wives to church, they don't go in themselves. They sit outside, smoking their pipes and gabbing until their women come



out. You can go to Mexico and see the same thing. . . . I was and am certain that each of these men had a relationship with God, but one that he felt was entirely private with him . . .," etc. etc.

Now, a movie star's views on religion and God should be his own. He has as much right to them as the cobbler, the senator, and the clergyman. Neither he, nor the editor of a magazine reaching out to young minds, has the right to use his position to influence the teenage legions who may be intrigued by its glamour. Often the star is not to be blamed for stories published under his byline. Press agents with vivid imaginations prepare material in which Dolly Dimples or Mike Muscles wax lyrical on issues not even remotely connected with their jobs or their understanding. Like the sad-eyed miss in that popular turn-of-the-century ballad, Dolly and Mike are more to be pitied than censured.

Like as not they don't see the piece they have "written" on world peace or "What to Do on Your First Date!" until the magazine appears on the newsstand. As long as they are under contract to a major studio, Mike and Dolly can be sure of finding at least one story, one cover photo or color layout about their activities in the dozen or so fan magazines on the market.

Dolly and Mike are flattered, publicized, and glamorized just as long as that studio contract lasts. Once the ax falls and 20th Century-Paramount discovers that it can struggle along without Mike, that hapless hercules is a candidate for the missing persons file. His views and his profile no longer mean a thing to *Modern Screen*, *Motion Picture*, *Photoplay* and a dozen of their counterparts.

FAN magazines depend in large measure on the co-operation of the studios in filling pages with slick color shots, "exclusive" material, and full-page ads, though that source of income has more or less shriveled in recent years. The "tsk-tsk" approach is usually taken when scandal rears its well-publicized head. Robert Mitchum's marijuana episode was probed and explained, pruned and polished until it assumed an almost heroic stature. With each new marriage Lana Turner is duly described as a "poor lonely girl seeking happiness." If a scandal has escaped the daily press, the fan magazines will dredge it up via the denial gimmick: "It is definitely not true that Bob Waterfield gave wife Jane Russell that black eye. She *did* walk into a door in Las Vegas."

There are the exceptions, of course. They are rare, but they do exist. *Photo-*

*play* occasionally balances the sex formula with a well-written article from the mature, reasoned viewpoint, while *Motion Picture* once startled its competitors with an erudite symposium on marriage by representatives of the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant faith.

For the most part, however, the fan magazines are content to sell sex, glamour, secularism, and a perversion of golden-calf worship. They are not concerned with motion pictures, *per se*, but rather with the personalities who appear in them. The editors and the studios which supply them are well aware that today's movie audience is drawn from the "under-30" group. In that age bracket are the young couples who can sigh happily, yearn lustily, and spend heartily. If Janet Leigh and Tony Cur-

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• **Candidate:** A person who stands for what he thinks people will fall for. —*Outdoor Ind.*

**Toastmaster:** A man who introduces a man who needs no introduction.—*Quote*

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tis appeal to their immaturity, then Janet and Tony they will get until even the most devoted fan begins to gag a bit. Most determined of the Hollywood exhibitionists, the Curtises have devoured more newsprint in the past couple of years than Panmunjon and the Pentagon combined.

There was a time, not so long ago, when Hollywood and politics were inseparable. They parted company when it was belatedly discovered that the great American public was becoming a bit annoyed with the left-wing dabbings of many movie personalities. Of course, many of the stars had been duped into supporting suspect groups through a combination of their own exhibitionism and the determination of the Communist Party to use Hollywood prestige and dollars wherever possible. From time to time, during the honeymoon period, the fan magazines would feature an innocent-appearing piece in which the ball was played way out in left field.

There was never any outright espousal of Communism, just that faint ticking beneath the surface, such as a casual reference to a current celebrity's "interest in the fine work of the Committee to Irrigate the Russian Steppes." In one case, a Dell Publications fan magazine, *Who's Who in TV and Radio*, devoted a two-page editorial to the support of actors who had been "blacklisted" as a result of their listings in *Red Channels*. In a blatant political appeal, the pub-

lishers, who also edit *Modern Screen* and about eight other fan books, called on readers to register their protests against the firing of Jean Muir, Phil Loeb, and others who found it difficult to get assignments after their political affiliations came to light.

For the most part, the fan magazines devoted to the radio-television branch of the acting profession are less flamboyant than the sensational movie publications. Just as the radio audience is predominantly "over-30," the tone of *Radio-TV Mirror*, *TV Guide*, and their contemporaries is more subdued. Stress is placed on the solidity of family life, the homier virtues, and the fact that broadcasting's stars are in reality "just folks."

*Photoplay*, *Motion Picture*, and *Modern Screen* lead the pack in the frenzied circulation race. Others like *Movie Life*, *Silver Screen*, *Screenland*, and *Screen Stories* take up the slack. The pattern for all is the same: sex, glamour, gossip, and more sex. Culture is measured in terms of sable stoles and swimming pools, every star is actually a simple soul at heart, and every marriage "happy beyond description."

OFTEN editors scramble back from far limbs when divorce announcements coincide with the publication of "inside" stories on "Hollywood's Happiest Marriage!" Jane Powell's divorce announcement found three magazines on the stands proclaiming the solidity and happiness of her marriage.

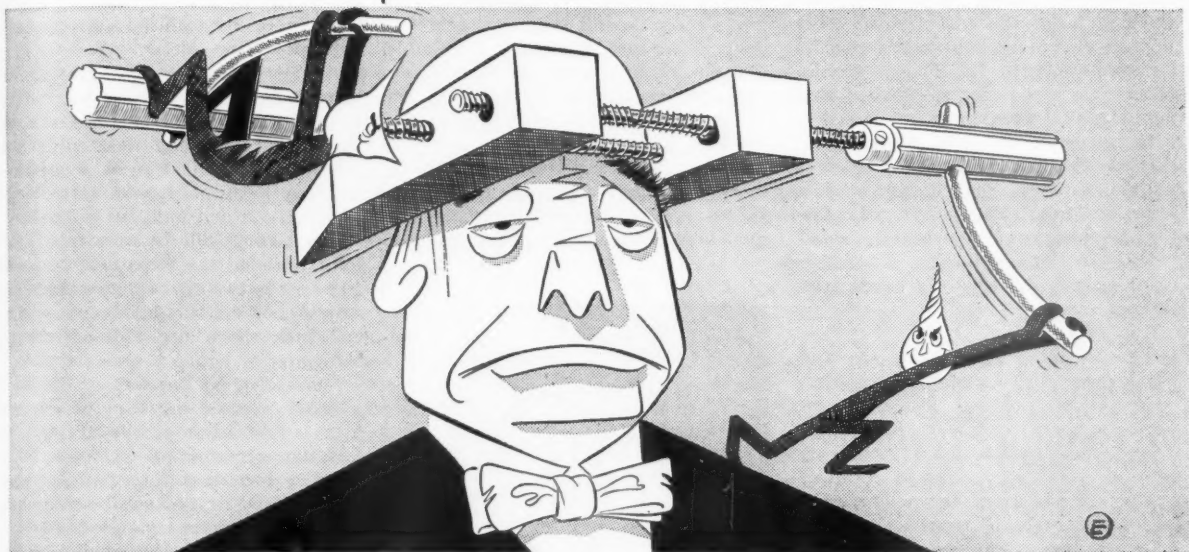
But fan magazines know their readers to be gullible and pliable. They usually come back for more of the same, and get it! The pseudosophistication, the sheer fantasy, the fake glamour seem to hypnotize rather than nauseate the cult members. On the surface it may seem harmless enough, an outlet for the starry-eyed youngster or befuddled matron who may find a vicarious lift in a Technicolor world where youth and beauty reign happily. The picture is a pretty one, but the values are false, deliberately so.

Through whitewash, innuendo, and distortion, absolutes are being steadily undermined forty million times a month! Divorce and adultery are minimized, credence given to secularist philosophy, and false behavior patterns established.

Seems like a large-size consequence for such a lower-case origin? Well, Confucius once said that a picture is worth a thousand words. The fan magazines are compounding that with more and gaudier pictures than Confucius ever dreamed existed. With enough words by the Louellas of Hollywood to make even an Oriental philosopher's head whirl. What chance has sixteen-year-old Sally Doakes from Centerville?



# Fifteen Rules for Mental Health



*Worry is a gnawing, nagging form of mental torture that wears us down. It can be cured*

**Mental health is not a gift. It is something you must achieve for yourself. Here are some rules to help you**  
by **URBAN H. FLEECE, Ph.D.**

ONE out of every ten of the more than 10,000 babies born every day in the United States will go off the beam mentally before his life's course is run. Mental patients today occupy more beds than all the patients in the rest of the hospitals in America put together. Even youth takes an early toll, for one out of every eight mental patients is of teen age. Doctors agree that over half of these cases could have been prevented had patients followed simple rules for keeping mentally fit.

Most people recognize those who are seriously maladjusted, but too many fail to realize that those who are extremely sensitive, who interpret all criticism as referring to self, who cannot bear to hear others praised, who pout and fly off the handle readily, who always insist on having their own way, who constantly feel misunderstood and unappreciated, who frequently experience extreme moods, one day riding the crest of a wave of enthusiasm and the next down in the slough of despair, lapsing into prolonged periods of silence and gloom, who have no confidence in themselves—all are examples of maladjusted personalities and bear the marks of can-

didates on the way to a mental institution unless such behavior is checked.

*Who has mental health?* Anyone who is capable of attaining and maintaining satisfactory human relationships. Anyone who reacts satisfactorily in meeting the numerous difficulties that cross life's path.

Mental health is not an automatic thing; it is not a gift. It is an achievement—the result of effort in applying the following rules for safeguarding mental health.

1. *Maintain your physical health.* This is basic to sound mental health, although some patients with ailing physical health are able with proper guidance to keep their mental outlook on an even keel. Wholesome food, daily exercise, sunshine, fresh air, sufficient rest and sleep help one maintain the ideal: a sound mind in a sound body.

2. *Develop an adequate philosophy of life.* To keep our thinking straight and to interpret the happenings of life correctly, we must have a clear understanding of, together with satisfying answers to, the fundamental questions of the *why* of life and the *how* of living. Every suicide is evidence of another person

who was unable to answer satisfactorily: Why am I living? Where did I come from? Where am I going? After death, what? And, in view of the answers to these questions, how should I live?

An adequate philosophy of life, underlying an adequate plan of life, gives direction to everything we do. Such a philosophy cannot be acquired by reading one book or listening to one lecture. It is the result of serious thought and study. It means grappling with the fundamental questions that surround our nature and our purpose in the universe. It is in formulating a meaningful purpose for our life and in mapping out a practical plan for living that religion is most helpful. Religion offers us a blueprint as well as solid motives for a balanced and profitable life. Contemplation of the really important values in life gives us convictions, which in turn furnish us with added motive power, which supplies us with the will power necessary to control our drives and emotions. Hence rule number three.

3. *Learn to control your emotions.* The best preservative of mental health and the key to emotional balance is self-control. The vast majority of the men-



tally maladjusted have a history of failure in controlling their emotions. They failed to learn the important lesson of life: we cannot have both our pie and the pleasure of eating it at the same time. Every-day life presents us with a series of conflicts in which we must make a choice among several pleasures or values. We simply cannot have everything we want. We cannot satisfy every urge we experience. The internationally known psychiatrist Dr. Thomas Verner Moore has repeatedly emphasized that an individual must learn, while still a baby, the most important lesson of his life, namely, that he cannot have every impulse satisfied, that life involves a series of "no's." The time to start laying the foundation for sound mental health, Dr. Moore insists, is with a spanking the first time the infant cries without sufficient cause.

**M**ANY of us mature mentally and physically, but emotionally we remain children all our lives. Control does not mean repression, but rather redirection or sublimation, although repression is necessary at times. Control means redirecting our drives into fruitful and acceptable channels of activity. A wife may experience a surge of jealous feelings because her husband smiles at a pretty receptionist; instead she directs these feelings into the channel of expressed appreciation and acts of kindness to her husband for having taken her out to dinner. It is apparent that the key to emotional control is thought control, together with an appreciation of the waste of energy spent in the expression of an unwise emotion. Such control is unlikely, however, unless a person has formed a habit of saying "no" to many of his impulses from his earliest years.

4. *Do not let your peace of mind depend on conditions over which you have no control.* The opinions that others have of us are not objective but rather colored by their own feelings and prejudices. And these are not under our control. If we depend too much on what others may think or say about us, we are letting ourselves in for unlimited and unnecessary torture. Instead we should let our happiness, our peace of mind, depend on the testimony of a good conscience, i.e., on our own judgment as to whether we did our best—and if we did, remember angels could have done no better. Only if we form the habit of being free from depending on the opinion of others will we be able to bear, with calm of spirit, unmerited blame or lack of appreciation.

On the other hand, we must not be contemptuous of the opinions of others, needlessly offending others or completely disregarding their opinions. Such con-

duct would be indicative of mental unbalance. We should interpret their praise or their blame correctly, i.e., in view of the true facts in our case.

Sometimes we may find ourselves in a situation that is disturbing: our work is monotonous, people with whom we have to associate are irritable, our apartment is too small, the boss plays favorites, we can't stand the neighbors next door. If we cannot change the irritable situation there is only one thing to do—change our attitude toward it. If we continue to focus our attention on the irritable phases in the situation, we merely make the situation still more intolerable and, according to a well-known law in psychology, render the total experience actually more painful.



**Learn to laugh at yourself. A sense of humor will help you over the rough spots of life**

We should focus our attention deliberately on attractive phases of the situation, on favorable points in our life.

5. *Keep yourself occupied and develop a hobby.* A job and a hobby are essentials in every well-balanced life and one of the best means of guarding against excessive preoccupation with self. The writer is of the opinion that more people become mentally ill because of not having enough to do rather than because of having too much to do. Work calls for the exercise of several of our abilities and brings us a natural satisfaction—a sense of achievement which helps compensate for disappointments that all of us are bound to experience from time to time. But some of us may not like the job we have: if we cannot shift to a more desirable position, we should concentrate our attention on the satisfactory

aspects, remembering that every job has certain disagreeable features.

An interesting hobby is a form of mental health insurance. The premium may be nothing more than a work-bench in the garage, a crochet needle, or a library card. A hobby furnishes stimulation to both body and mind and very frequently supplies us with that sense of achievement which a monotonous job fails to provide.

6. *Steer clear of worrying.* Cultivate a habit of refusal to worry, for worry is a habit which becomes easier every time we indulge this most wasteful form of mental activity. Worry is a gnawing, nagging form of mental torture that wears us out and unfits us for balanced living. The habit of worrying is like a tiny rivulet that seeps into our mind like slow poison gradually paralyzing us, unless checked, this habit cuts a channel into which are drained all our thoughts.

**C**AN we cure ourselves of worrying and if so, how? By keeping the following three points in mind:

A. Realize that worry is our worst enemy; that it is one of our greatest obstacles to success, happiness, mental health; that worry interferes with our arriving at a solution to our problems, for just when we need all the mental energy we can muster, worry saps our energy, ties up our thoughts, and thus prevents them from functioning properly. When we worry, we are like a squirrel in a revolving cage—expending a tremendous amount of energy but getting nowhere.

B. Realize that 90 per cent of the things we worry about never come to pass and consequently are a sheer waste of time and mental energy. The 10 per cent that do come about are so changed by the time we have to face each problem that our worrying was over situations we did not have in proper focus.

C. Occupy yourself with the present and approach all temptations to worry in this manner: Ask yourself, "Is this my problem?" If not, forget about it. If it is your problem—"Do I have to solve it now?" If you do—"Can I do anything about it?" If not, forget it; if you can, analyze just what can be done and then deliberately set about carrying out your plan. Once solved, forget about the problem, studiously refusing to permit the problem to come back into the focus of your attention.

7. *Live one day at a time.* Form the

**DR. URBAN H. FLEEGE** has taught psychology at various Catholic universities. He now works with the National Catholic Education Association. Dr. Fleege has published two books, some pamphlets, and more than 70 articles.

habit of living in the present. Inability to do so is a symptom of mental unbalance. It is understood, of course, that we are not condemning prudent planning for the future or taking a long-range view of life's possibilities.

Many of us suffer from evils that never come into existence except in our own imagination. Many of us expend three times as much nervous energy as is necessary; we uselessly spend much time anticipating possible difficulties in the future, struggle with them when they arrive, and relive them after they have passed, frequently preoccupying ourselves with thoughts as to what kind of an impression we made on possible observers.

It is prudent to profit from our mistakes, but when we find it difficult to concentrate on problems of the moment because of interfering thoughts about future or past, we are wasting mental energy. A good gauge of sanity is our ability to live one day at a time.

8. *Get into the habit of making decisions.* Learn to decide and then abide by your decision. Lack of determination is a habit; we must form the habit of acting independently. After a moderate amount of thought has been given to a problem and you have decided on a plan of action, act unswervingly; I might almost say, blindly.

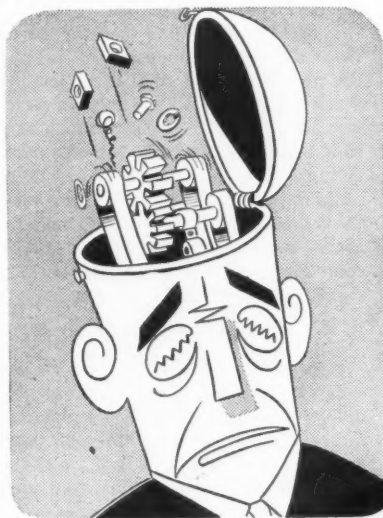
**A**CTING on decisions is necessary when we are faced with a disagreeable task—for the longer we put off our action the more difficult it becomes, until finally we have ourselves worked up into such a dither that we are incapable of managing ourselves. A person who is habitually undecided can gradually build up a habit of decision by deciding on small acts, carrying them out promptly and faithfully, and then increasing the weight of his decisions until he has formed the habit of acting decisively.

9. *Cultivate friendships, especially a close friend in whom you can confide.* Set about deliberately to make friends. We are social beings by nature, not just by choice; hence we need close friends. Man reaches the fulness of his being not by living alone but through the stimulation of social intercourse. Many fail to make friends because they are too self-centered. The person who easily makes and keeps friends is the person who has acquired the habit of thinking always of the other person. Friendships are fostered not by thinking "What good will I get from being friendly with that person?" but rather by considering "How can I make that person happier?"

Among our friends we need a special friend in whom we can confide when travel over the road of life gets a bit

too rough. There are times when all of us find our problems getting a bit too much for us. It is then that we need a sympathetic friend to whom we can go and pour out our heart and talk over our difficulties. A trouble shared is halved by the mere telling.

10. *Do not get into the habit of pitying yourself.* People easily fall into this habit, especially women and older people. It is easy to become a nuisance to others as well as to yourself by forming a habit of falling into a discussion of your real or imagined pains and troubles with everyone you meet. By so doing you actually increase your pains for, according to a law of psychology, by directing your thoughts to your difficulties your attention acts like a magnifying glass, enlarging the area of the



One out of every ten in the United States go off the beam mentally at some time of life

nervous system concerned with the pain; this makes it all the more difficult to maintain your peace of mind.

Remember this helpful rule, "Feel as sorry for yourself as you would feel for others if they were in your place," or "Feel as sorry for yourself as they do for you."

11. *Guard against needless fears.* Useless fears top the list of factors that rob the average person of his peace of mind. To fight successfully against disturbing fears, we must realize that everyone of our specific fears has been learned. Therefore, they can be unlearned and eliminated. Fears lose the emotional halo that surrounds them when grappled with at close range and coldly analyzed for what they are. Jot down the reasons why you fear a particular object or situation, examine the sound-

ness of your reasons, trace your fear to its original source. The aura of fear disappears when the sunlight of familiarity is let play on the fear-inspiring situation. And you will realize for the first time the groundlessness of many of your fears.

12. *Cultivate a proper attitude toward sex.* Sex is an ability or power which man has for a very definite purpose, just like any other ability or power which he has, such as the power of sight, of speech, of digestion. When properly exercised in keeping with the purpose of sight, our eyes function to our benefit. If we try to use our eyes for purposes other than those for which they are intended, we suffer. So likewise with sex.

**T**HE purpose of sex is propagation of the race. And as such, this purpose is served properly only in the married state.

Preoccupation with sex is unhealthy and has a tendency to warp one's mind. To regard sex as something smutty, mysterious, and debasing is indicative of a harmful attitude. There is nothing dirty about sex when properly understood. Every organ of the body is good in itself and is intended for a wholesome purpose. The Christian point of view, namely, that through the power of sex we participate in the creative power of God, is most helpful in maintaining a sane view of this subject.

Accepting the worth and dignity of the human personality, it is not difficult to realize the sacredness of a power which is capable of calling into being a human person. Nor is it difficult to see the reasonableness of modesty and respect surrounding the organs in which this power resides, for is it not common practice to cover and guard carefully those things which we deem precious?

13. *Strike a happy medium between work and play.* Maintaining sound mental health requires a balance between the two. Man is not a machine. The body does not have an unlimited supply of nervous energy. Activities which relieve nervous strain are necessary to permit the body to re-establish energy equilibrium. The speed of modern life renders all the more necessary a regular program of recreation and an occasional vacation.

All of us have experienced the advantage of a day off in the country. We come back to our work refreshed, with our problems shrunk to proper perspective. We know the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

14. *When not happy, act as if you were happy.* Happiness acts like a tonic on our physical and mental health. Pro-

(Continued on page 68)

# Radio and Television

by  
**JOHN LESTER**

**A**T the possible risk of life and limb, may I remind you that the thirty-second anniversary of the broadcasting commercial is upon us, technically from August 28 through September 21.

Now, the idea of a commercial in any form is revolving to many people, and the thought of celebrating or otherwise marking its origin is enough to start trouble.

Even so, and to be entirely objective, the commercial boasts a rather interesting story and is certainly an important part of current Americana.

It's my feeling, for whatever it's worth, that broadcasting in this country is better off—in spite of its many evils—for the commercial as we know it, just as the American press is greatly indebted to advertising revenue for its position as the greatest press in the world.

Like so many beginnings, the beginning of the commercial was inconspicuous and humble. It was on a Monday evening, August 28, 1922, from 5:15 to 5:30, in fact, that a member of the Queensboro Corporation of Jackson Heights (a Mrs. Blackwell), a section of Long Island, N. Y., spoke over radio station WEA, now WNBC, the flagship station in New York City of NBC, advising listeners to leave the heat and the throngs of the city for the clean, cool, quiet of a group of apartment houses on Long Island.

Mrs. Blackwell's fifteen-minute talk, the first commercial ever presented on American radio, cost the advertiser \$100

and was so successful that the idea for selling it caught on almost immediately.

The government bureau that preceded the present Federal Communications Commission, the FCC, and regulated use of the air had laid down many restrictions as to what could be said on it, however, that no direct advertising could be done and no prices quoted.

Early sponsors got around these restrictions by giving their own names to the stars they paid, which is how the *A and P Gypsies* and *The Cliquot Club Eskimos*, among other early attractions on radio, got their names.

It wasn't until 1932 that the government allowed the mention of prices on the air. Since that time there has been much abuse, I know, and the commercial is railed against on all sides, much of the time unjustly. After all, the commercial is young yet and, so far, it has helped build the greatest communications media the world has ever known. The refinements, some long overdue, can and will come later, much sooner than you might think, but come they surely will.

## Another Crosby

It is surely no news to you by now that Gary Crosby, the twenty-one-year-old son of Bing Crosby, has replaced his father for the summer on CBS radio, Sundays at 8 P.M., E.D.T., although there is much more to this than meets the eye and the ear.

The younger Crosby has done well so far, too, and has even handled press

conferences like a seasoned veteran. Recently, during a conference, a reporter complimented him for his "affability" and added "I hope you stay as you are and don't get like your father." (Bing has been rather testy of late years.) Gary replied, "I hope someone gives me a good, swift kick if I do change!"

Be that as it may, Gary has pressed for a show business career for a long time and it now seems he has it. Bing has resisted—sometimes vociferously, shall we say?—because he knows the many temptations and pitfalls involved and knows the grinding, enervating work it is to woo, win, and then maintain success in the entertainment world, a success that is more empty than most imagine and usually leaves one largely without personal privacy.

The decision that Gary be allowed to try his wings in show business also seems to have carried with it the decision that the twins, Philip and Dennis, would care for the Crosby ranch and that Lenny, the youngest and Bing's favorite, partly because of his resemblance to the late Dixie Crosby, would study for the priesthood, for which he showed early inclinations.

The next decision to be reached by the Crosbys might be Bing's retirement, since he has been a sick and very tired man for the past several years. He has a mind to fish, loaf, travel, and finish raising his sons, and don't be surprised if he takes a young and pretty wife along to help.



**"JANET DEAN, R.N."**—Ella Raines stars as "Janet Dean, Registered Nurse" in new telefilm series dedicated to reviving interest in nursing. Series is recommended by two foremost nursing organizations



**FAMILY GROUP**—Roy Rogers, "King of the Cowboys" to American youngsters, with his own family: Dale Evans (Mrs. Rogers) at lower left, holding Doe; Dusty and Sandy, on Roy's knee; Linda and Cheryl, at the rear



## The One-Tenth

A new and interesting documentary series, *One Tenth Of A Nation*, all about the accomplishments of the American Negro, debuted on New York TV station WPIX and is now in process of national syndication.

On film, the series will consist of twenty-six fifteen-minute, weekly programs, and I'm told that the twenty-six will just about exhaust the subject, although I don't see why they should.

The various segments—the series is being filmed by American Newsreel, the only organization of its kind, which has furnished weekly newsreels to four hundred Negro theaters in this country for the past twelve years—will include treatment of the Negro in sports, civic affairs, news, religion, farming, industry, science and industry, medicine, etc. Prominent Americans who'll appear in it, both white and colored, include Mrs. Richard Nixon, wife of the vice-president of the United States, Mrs. John Foster Dulles, wife of the Secretary of State, Joe Louis, Jackie Robinson, and Willie Mays.

Material for the series, gathered from all over the world, is both current and historical and in *March Of Time* documentary style. I have been assured it is without editorializing, without preaching, and without any of the bleeding heart technique so frequently, and ill-advisedly, I think, adopted in the treatment of subjects of this kind. The producers of the series have further assured me their only aim and purpose is to tell the interesting and fascinating story of some 16,750,000 American Negroes—one-tenth of this great nation—in a straightforward, factual manner.

Incidentally, I found that part of

"One Tenth" I was able to preview full of eye-opening, factual information.

## For Young People

Each year about this time, this department begins receiving a steady, growing stream of letters from young people just out of high school and college. All have several things in common: They are looking to the future; they are intrigued by and attracted to television, and they want to know how to get into it.

So far, I've always had the same answers to give, none of which have been much help: That there is no one road to a career in TV, and that I don't know nor have I ever heard of anyone who has a sure-fire formula.

This year, however, I can do a little better, although not very much, by calling attention to a new book titled *Your Place In TV, A Handy Guide For Young People*, by Father Edwin Broderick, director of radio and TV communications for the Archdiocese of New York and a religious consultant to CBS.

Let me caution the young reader at the outset that Father Broderick doesn't pretend to have any final or complete answers either, although he has "drawn a blueprint of the television field and the qualifications required for its many-faceted work." I also feel he has gone a step in the direction of clarifying this whole frustrating situation.

Further, if Father Broderick has any ulterior motives—and I'm sure he has—they are simply to encourage as many fine young Americans as possible to get into TV to help offset the subversives and others of that evil ilk who are working diligently and continuously to gain control of it.



**YOUNG AND BLUE**—On alternate weeks during the warm months, Alan Young and Ben Blue, ace comedy pantomimists are appearing on NBC-TV's popular "Saturday Night Revue"



**HIT OR MISS?**—Peter Potter's "Juke-Box Jury" on CBS Radio features latest in recordings and a jury of stars who judge each a "hit" or "miss"



**TSIDE MIKES**—"Mr. Wrestling," Big Jules Longbow, calls holds on various CBS-TV shows of wrestling from Hollywood. Bill Evans, right, does the "color" commentary



**HE'S BACK**—Don McNeill, right, popular "Breakfast Club" host is back on ABC-TV mornings. Director Lynwood King is shown with McNeill



**THE PRINCIPAL RELAXES**—Gale Gordon, "Our Miss Brooks" stern principal, dreams of a peaceful tropic isle in scene from the CBS-TV program



A SIGN PICTURE STORY

# Baby Discovers Fingers and Toes..

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK HORCH



**Finger symphony:** Baby's movements have an almost musical rhythm



After fingers, toes. But Junior still hasn't heard of football



From Mom, a lift. One of the first things an infant will grasp are secure parental hands

BABY'S world during his first few days of life is scarcely larger than a cabbage's. Then it begins to expand so rapidly that it takes some parents twenty years to catch up. But that's already too late. Junior's probably married.

An important part of baby's early experiences is his discovery of himself. This is the period of long silences from the crib which baby dedicates to moments of solemn contemplation of his own fingers and toes. Then, too, are heard the first parental gushes of *oohs* and *aahs* at baby's ability to learn. After this, it is not long before Junior is grasping maternal fingers, crushing crunchy graham crackers, swinging rag dolls by the ear, and feeding himself from a bottle held precariously between both hands—and quite probably both feet.

At birth, there is not much difference between the grasping ability of fingers and toes. Junior can and does catch hold of the bars of his crib equally as well with his toes as with his fingers. As he matures, however, his hands accelerate their growth toward versatility as feet fall into the limbo of mere locomotion—unless Junior happens to grow up to be a quarter-back.



Next step is holding food. Junior's aim will be bad, but the good intention is still there

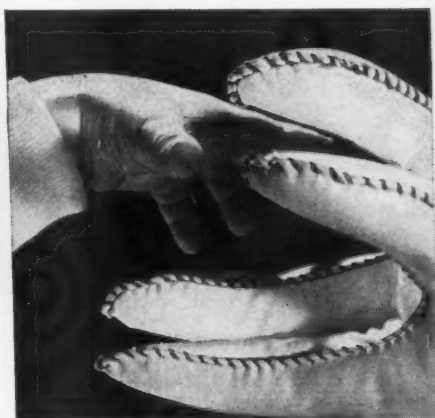


Three Lions Photos

Junior is a master at digital contemplation, despite the interruptions of over-attentive parents



From crackers, crumbs. Baby's grasp is stronger than you think



Toys are made to be held as well as chewed. Here, baby gets a handful



Junior's bottle represents a supreme triumph. Next stop, into his tummy



*"C'mon home, McCloskey," he hollered. "It's all yours"*

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THE GREAT

# Strategist

BY RUTH HUME

McCLOSKEY, the Lions' right fielder, was six feet two inches tall and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. For this reason, and because his first name was Horace, the Patuxent County newsmen started calling him Stubby. He was a kid from my hometown. As sportswriter for the Patuxent *Clarion Call*, I took a proprietary interest in his great, first-year performance with the Lions. No rookie had ever made such a dent on the blasé citizens of Patuxent County, which claimed the best minor league baseball in the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. It was a foregone conclusion that Stubby would soon move on to the Yankees, or at the very least to the Washington Senators. In the meantime, his future with the Patuxent Lions seems not only assured but rosy.

Before the great McCloskey slump—which this story is about—he was batting .375 in the Northwest League and was leading it and every other league in stolen bases. Stubby's gift for base-stealing was out of character. He was, it is true, the fastest human projectile ever seen on a diamond. But he was also an extremely timid man, awed by umpires, shy even of his own teammates.

And as he had told me several times, he was terrified by the mighty J. K. Feathercombe, owner of the Lions. Here I concurred, as anyone with the sense not to walk in front of a moving cement truck naturally gave J. K. Feathercombe as wide a berth as possible.

There were only five games left in the season. They were with the La Grange Rockets, our natural and hereditary enemies, the team which had just tied us for first place in the League. It was clearly not the moment for Stubby's slump to assume such depths. But in the last game before the Rocket series, Stubby had batted an even .000, had flubbed an easy catch in what could have been a disastrous ninth, and had evinced no more interest in larceny than a busload of nuns in a jewelry store. For some reason, I figured, the one-track McCloskey mind had not been on the game lately.

The night before the opening of the decisive series, I learned the hideous truth.

The players and half the town were gathered at the Patuxent Arms, celebrating and speculating. I did not see Stubby until I was leaving the hotel. He was sitting in a deserted corner of

the lobby, his long frame almost hidden by a potted palm. He was writing something on a piece of blue paper which, at the sound of footsteps, he hastily stuffed into his pocket.

"Any statement for the press on what you're going to do for the rest of the season? Like maybe hitting the ball with the bat once in awhile?" I inquired.

He looked mildly distracted, as though he had not quite heard me and didn't have time to press the matter. Then he peered furtively down the lobby and said, "Hey, Frank, what's a word that rhymes with Jenny?"

I glanced at the electric fan overhead. "That thing sure makes a racket. What whats with what?"

"Rhymes with Jenny," he repeated patiently. "J-E-N-N-Y. It's a girl's name."

I sat down next to him, opened my mouth, closed it, and finally said, "How about People-who-lie-down-and-die-on-the-job-won't-have-to-worry-about-the-job-much-longer-cause-they-won't-have-any."

"Yeah," he said, studying the tips of his massive brogans, "I gotta do better in this Rocket series. You know what's the trouble? I can't seem to keep my mind on the game!" He sighed.

**The Great McCloskey was a baseball player with a one-track mind. So it was no coincidence that he fell into a slump on the very day on which he fell in love**

ILLUSTRATED  
BY PAUL KINNEAR



I stood up. "Well, all I can say is," I began sententiously and then stopped, unable to say anything at all. The situation was suddenly clear: Stubby in a slump because he couldn't keep his mind on the game; Stubby sitting all by himself on the eve of battle writing poetry to rhyme with Jenny.

"Stubby," I said, "Don't say it. I can't stand it."

"Don't say what?" he asked, easily confused. "I didn't say anything."

"That you're in love."

"Oh." He nodded. "Uh-huh."

I sat down again.

"Where'd you meet this Jenny?" I asked suspiciously.

"At the clubhouse. She came in one day to—"

"Ah, just what I thought. Some dizzy bobby-soxer sitting in the bleachers thinks it's real cute the way your ears stick out in back!"

"What time is it?" he asked, obviously paying no attention to me.

"Twenty after seven."

"I'm meeting Jenny at 7:30. 'Bye, Frank. I'll see you." And he scurried out of the lobby. I looked after him helplessly for a moment, then left the hotel. Mr. Feathercombe was holding a press conference at eight o'clock. Much as I loathed the man's company, he was, unfortunately, news.

**F**EATHERCOMBE was a prosperous citizen whose money came to him, or more precisely was lugged to him, in bales, from the manufacture of hunting rifles and other lethal weapons. He was holding court in his trophy room, a homey little nook not over thirty feet square.

There were five or six newsmen in the room, one of them from the *La Grange Express*, hometown paper of the Rockets. Mr. Feathercombe (*Time* had described him as "square-jawed, fiftyish, muscular") was looking even more grim than usual. He had gone through this so many times before.

Nothing could quite make it up to J. K. Feathercombe that his club had not won a pennant during the six years of his ownership. It had never missed by much, of course, but something had always happened in the last week to beat out the Lions by some ridiculous percentage point. He wanted his team to win a pennant and when Mr. Feathercombe wanted something done, he did not believe in interference from the minor stockholders.

"Well, gentlemen, let's not take all night, eh?" he roared, flicking an ash from his bristling mustache. "What do you want to know!"

"Mr. Feathercombe," the *Herald* man asked, "How do you figure our chances against the Rockets' pitching?"

The Feathercombe brow contracted. The *La Grange Express* man—a spy! added in a superior tone, "Do you think your pitching can stand up against Three-Two Kelley's?"

The Feathercombe mustache quivered in indignation. "Our pitching can stand up against anybody's," he said testily. But I knew that he too was wondering what our hitters would do this time when faced with the Rockets' great power pitcher, the mighty Three-Two Kelley. In the past they had not done too well.

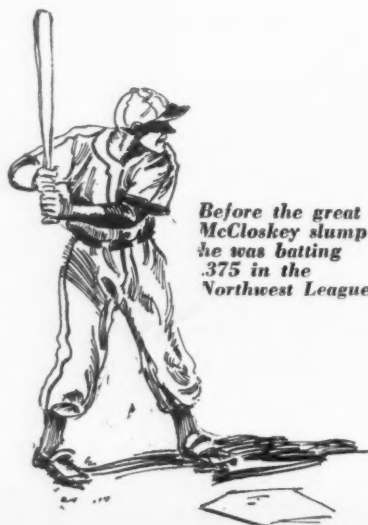
The *La Grange* reporter smiled cynically. "How you figure McCloskey's slump will affect the series?" he asked blandly.

The man had touched a nerve. "Slump!" Mr. Feathercombe repeated, his face red. "Slump? My men don't get paid to slump. They get paid to play ball, and they'd better play the best ball they know how."

"Don't you think McCloskey is just another flash-in-the-pan? They're saying you've been counting too much on him."

"Young man," Mr. Feathercombe roared in his best chairman-of-the-board manner, "my team does not depend on any one man, particularly a-a-a—" He worked hard but could not produce anything more scathing than "—rookie! And I expect every man on the team to come through this week. Anyone who doesn't—well—I!" His face turned from red to mauve. I thought I saw him glance over the fireplace where there was a plaque as yet unencumbered by a head.

I found it hard to concentrate on the rest of the interview. When I left the house I had already decided to collar Stubby McCloskey immediately and read a riot act loud enough to penetrate even that rapidly thickening skull.



Before the great McCloskey slump he was batting .375 in the Northwest League

I had just turned out to the street when I spotted him, Stubby himself, standing about six feet from the Feathercombe driveway, in earnest conversation with a girl. I slammed on the brake. The girl said something and hurried up the drive, turning once to smile back at him. The big dope looked as though he had just been presented with two hundred shares of preferred U.S. Steel.

I could see his point.

If this was Stubby's inamorata, I thought somewhat grudgingly, I would have to revise my mental image from scratch. This girl was not of the bobby-sox and bleacher persuasion. From the top of her short, honey-blond hair to the heels of her alligator shoes, she radiated a distinction and charm of the type to make even city men dig their toes in the sand. For one blissful moment I could not quite remember where I had seen her before. But then it came to me.

"Stubby," I said as he got into the car, "tell me in words of one syllable. Isn't that Jenifer Feathercombe?"

"Yep," he said, in one syllable.

I stared at the man in open-mouthed admiration. It does, after all, take a certain genius to get into a situation not only ridiculous but absolutely impossible. "McCloskey," I said, "according to the last census, there are only eighty million women in the country. Do you mean to tell me that you had to fall in love with J. K. Feathercombe's daughter?"

"Uh-huh," he said, and beamed.

**T**HE five-game series opened in Feathercombe Park to a record crowd that had come from a radius of three hundred miles. To reduce the long, tennising game to the bare essential: we won, by a score of seven to six. Stubby had very little to do with these figures. He did nothing either good or bad. But he had apparently lost all heart for his former delight in stealing bases. He stayed solidly glued to whatever few bases he was on.

In the next game, Three-Two Kelley pitched for the Rockets. When he ambled out of the dugout for the first time, his fans stood up and roared as though he had just struck out the whole of Murderer's Row in consecutive order. The big pitcher bowed and smiled in all directions, raising his cap and waving it at the bleachers until Garrity the umpire, ordered him to hurry up and get into the box.

Kelley was a terrible show-off. His nickname was an example. He had a particular and diabolical fondness for a three-two situation. I doubt whether there were statistics to prove the point, but the popular and demoralizing rumor

was that once the count had run down to three balls and two strikes, no one could get a hit off Kelley. At such moments he would grin fiendishly, go into a complex wind-up, and then throw something really wicked.

The Rockets, behind Kelley's pitching, took the second game five to two. Again Stubby made no direct contribution, except that Kelley made him hit into more double plays than had ever before been seen in a single Northwest League game. Kelley loved it.

In the third game things went better. Stubby hit a respectable line-drive in the second, and eventually scored by out-running the ball on a two-bagger by the first baseman. He hit a single in the eighth, and when he went out to the field for the ninth, the Lion rooters were in such good spirits that they gave him a mild cheer. Someone shouted, "Attaboy, Stubby! Let's wrap it up to-morrow!"

I HOPED so. I would sleep better when the Lions had three out of five chalked up and Stubby was free of further responsibility for the season. I wrote my account of the game with a shade more credit for McCloskey than the record showed. As I was pasting up the story my phone rang. It was Stubby.

"Can you come over to the hotel?" he said. "I got something to ask you."

I found him in a deserted corner of the taproom, nursing a small coke. "Sit down," he said expansively. "Buy you a beer?" I eyed him suspiciously. Before I could comment on the good spirits, he said, "I finally made up my mind."

"Re?"

"Like I said before. I've been playing such punk ball because I was all the time worrying about Jenny and me because of her father not knowing about us and—"

"You'd have more to worry about if he *did* know."

Stubby shook his head decisively. "Jenny's not the kind of a girl to go around fooling her old man. So I figured there was only one thing to do. Ask him."

"Ask him what?"

"Ask him can I marry Jenny!" Stubby said impatiently. "What do you think I want to ask him?"

"Uh—but—" I began.

"And don't try talking me out of it," he said defensively. "I got it all figured out."

I shrugged. "O.K.," I said. "Go ahead and ask him. Just be sure he isn't testing one of the products when you do."

A look of profound awe passed over Stubby's face. "I wouldn't just go up and ask him. I'd never have the nerve

for that. I figured a letter would be better."

"Does Jenny know you're planning to do this?" I asked.

He looked somewhat abashed. "No—I didn't tell her. I thought it would worry her maybe."

"Look, Stubby," I said, taking a long thoughtful swallow of his coke. "Aren't you banking pretty heavily on the bargaining powers of a couple of little hits? Just because you didn't play like a complete schmo today is no reason to think J. K. will say 'Bless you, son, how about becoming vice-president of the firm too?'"

He began to look doubtful.

"Anyway wait until the season is over," I went on, pressing the advantage. Suppose we don't get the pennant. Think how receptive J. K. will feel then!"

"Yeah," he said, "I guess I should wait—but I can't is all!"

"Why not?"

"Well—I figured you'd probably try to talk me out of it. And I also figured you'd have so many good reasons that maybe you *could* talk me out of it. So I mailed the letter before you got here."

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• A man is never too busy to talk about how busy he is.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

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"I see," I said. I didn't.

The next day was Sunday. Everything and everybody in good spirits, up to and including J. K. Feathercombe. As he passed the press box he paused long enough to roar at us, "It's going to be a great game today! A great game! I feel it in my bones!"

Well, in a sense the Feathercombe bones weren't so dumb. It was a great game. One of the best games the Rockets had ever played. Take the first inning, for example, our half: Roberts flied out; Pohansky lined out; and McCloskey struck out.

And when the Rockets came up to bat it became apparent that every man had determined to make home and mother proud. The whole team carried on as though an American League scout were hiding behind every post. Not until the fifth inning did our boys set foot in the vicinity of third base. Then, with two out, a half-hearted rally finally put Kennedy on second and Flynn on first. And when Roberts came up at the top of the order he got hold of a lesser Kelley effort and batted it several miles out of the park. With the score five to three, Pohansky stayed in the spirit of things and put himself on

first. McCloskey didn't add a great deal by hitting a fly right into the center fielder's glove, but at least the situation was now no longer hopeless.

We picked up one more run in the seventh and went into the eighth with the score five to four. The Rockets came to bat with blood in their eye. The first batter was thrown out. The second man got to first. Number three struck out. But the fourth man hit a mighty drive down center that moved the man to third and himself to second. There was some activity in the Lion bullpen but no change of pitcher was announced, for there was only one to go and Three-Two Kelley was coming up to bat. Now whatever his other virtues, Three-Two Kelley hit like a pitcher, other than J. Page. Even so, for no good reason that I could think of, I began to worry.

I looked down the field at Stubby. The preoccupied expression on his face boded no good. I knew that he was thinking, as I was, of his letter languishing behind the bars of the Patuxent County Post Office, waiting for the dawn. And I was sure that in the cold light of day, with the excitement of yesterday's game over, he too saw the error of trying to do business with Feathercombe on a man-to-man basis.

Our pitcher was working slowly and cautiously, guarding the status quo, such as it was, like a McKinley cabinet member. He got two strikes on Kelley in three pitches. The Lion fans cheered in wishful relief. Kelley beamed affably, raising his hat, as much as to say, "O.K., folks, now let's get down to business." He swung his bat gently and stepped up to the plate. He got hold of the ball and let it fly. For a second it looked fatal, but only for a second. The ball rose in a high curve to the right. The crowd sat.

IT was apparent to everyone in the park that it was heading straight for McCloskey's glove. Correction. It was apparent to everyone in the park except McCloskey. The point seemed to escape him. The McCloskey mind was temporarily elsewhere. It did not rejoin him until the ball was within a foot of his head. Even so, I thought there was hope. He got his glove on the ball. But the timing was a little too far off even for Stubby to make the catch. He dropped the ball, recovered, then made a tremendous throw to the plate, which arrived about a quarter of a second after runner number two had crossed same.

The Lion rooters were on their feet, hooting and booing, and waving their score cards. The Rocket rooters were on their feet, cheering and laughing to kill themselves. Mr. Feathercombe was on his feet too, and the color of his

face would have made the Brothers Mayo drop whatever they were doing and come running.

That was about all that happened in the fourth game of the series. We picked up a run in the ninth (it would have been the tying run) but with that three run lead—well, as I say, that was really all that happened in the fourth game.

The next afternoon I dropped by the Lions dressing room about a quarter to two. Stubby was just coming in. He was carrying a suitcase. "Where've you been all night," I asked, scowling.

He looked surprised. "In my room," he said. "Where'd you think I was? Asleep in the park?"

"I tried getting hold of you. And Jenny's been after you with a police dragnet."

He put the suitcase down and sat on it. "I know. I told my landlady to tell anyone who called I was out. I was afraid she might try to get me."

"But why don't you—"

"I'm leaving right after the game," he interrupted. "Going home. My brother-in-law always said I could have a job with him if I wanted."

"Aren't you even going to say good-bye to the girl?" I asked.

HE shook his head. "There's no point to it. Frank. I was crazy from the start thinking anything could ever come of it. And now! After yesterday! And that letter this morning!"

"Maybe he didn't get it," I suggested weakly. "Maybe you—well, you might have put the wrong address on it—or something."

It was a pretty thought. It was interrupted by a sound like a hurricane passing through a wind tunnel. We turned around. J. K. Feathercombe was charging down the corridor, his fists clenched, one of them over a piece of blue writing paper. J. Feathercombe the younger was on his heels, but she couldn't lay a glove on him.

J. K. sighted Stubby and slid to a stop. He brandished fist and paper in the vicinity of Stubby's nose. "So!" the magnate roared. "So!" He caught his breath. "So you want to marry my daughter, young man, hmp?" he inquired through his teeth, a neat trick made possible only by a slight occlusion of the upper plate.

Stubby, apparently working on the theory that a straight question deserves a straight answer, leaped off the suitcase and said, "Yessir, Mr. Feathercombe, I sure do."

"Oh, Stubby," Jenny began plaintively.

"Oh you do!" Mr. Feathercombe roared. The direct approach apparently cut no ice with the man. His

mustache quivered even more indignantly. "Why—you—you—you—" He swallowed and tried again. "Let me save myself the trouble of replying to your letter, McCloskey," he said, in a sinister tone of icy calm. "Re your request of the 15th inst: the answer is no, N-O, no! I wouldn't let you marry my daughter if—if—" He was clearly trying to produce something striking, but nothing came to him. Aware that the remark was falling somewhat flat, he took a new tack. "Come to think of it—on second thought you can marry my daughter after all—if you personally see to it that we win this game today and get that pennant!"

Jenny gasped hopefully. Even Stubby looked momentarily pleased. "But you know what!" the magnate went on, lowering his voice confidentially. "You're not going to play today, so I don't really see how you can manage it! Pohansky! Where's Pohansky!"

The manager stuck his head out the door.

"McCloskey is out of the order. Put Burns in!" With a last, inarticulate roar at Stubby he turned and marched down the corridor, pulling Jenny after him.

Pohansky growled, "O.K., McCloskey. O.K. Get your uniform on." He added more kindly, "It's real relaxing to spend a game in the dugout once in awhile."

I turned my mind to what was going on out front. It boiled down to the fact that everybody was playing pretty good ball and that toward the end of the game the Rockets were playing ball a little better than we were. This brought us to the ninth inning with a score of three to two. Despondency had

settled over the Lion rooters. All around me people were gathering their belongings together, getting ready to dash for the exit. After Roberts popped out, they dashed.

But then Pohansky came up and anyone who knew Pohansky could tell from the way he stalked out to the plate that he was mad. Pohansky mad was not a safe name to try a slow curve on. For some reason a slow curve irritated him. He scowled at the steady, hard-working Rocket pitcher and clouted a solid two-base hit out to left field, racing for second faster than his short legs had ever carried him. The people at the exits turned and rushed back to the grandstand.

This brought Burns, Stubby's replacement, to bat. He was clearly longing for his first hit of the day. He got it on the second pitch. It wasn't much of a hit, and it almost rolled foul over the third baseline. But it got him to first, even if Pohansky remained trapped on second.

The Rocket pitcher, desperately hanging on to his rapidly disappearing control, struck out the next man. But Flynn wasted no time at all in hitting and all of a sudden, with two men out, the bases were loaded.

Time had been called on our side because, in his dash for third, Pohansky had twisted an ankle. The little man was muttering noisily as he hobbled back to the dugout, which was right under the press box. I saw him glance balefully at Mr. Feathercombe. He said to no one in particular, "I want someone in there who can move!" Then roared, "McCloskey! C'mere. McCloskey, in the event that someone hits a ball do you think you can get from third to home without getting lost?" Stubby nodded and ran over to third.

THREE-Two Kelley ambled from the Rocket's dugout, followed by cheers of his fans. After rejecting a number of balls and knocking a great quantity of dirt from his shoes, he finally stepped into the box and pitched a wicked curve. Young, our third baseman, swung and missed. Kelley was apparently feeling as mean and fresh as a barracuda in spring training. And all that energy was concentrated on getting one miserable little out from one indifferent hitter. I began to gather my papers together. Maybe next year. . . .

Kelley tried another fast curve that went a little high. "Ball!" Garrity said, "and don't give me no argument!" he added, as the pitcher opened his mouth. Kelley shrugged amiably, as though it could hardly matter less to him. He tried a fast ball which this time fell short so slightly that I would have argued with any umpire but the gimlet-



### The Last Word

► Barbers are notorious for suggesting added services to their customers. One busy man thought he had a solution. As he took his place in the barber's chair, he said:

"I want a shave. No haircut. No shampoo. No witch hazel. No hair tonic, no facial massage, no hot towels. No manicure. No shoe-shine. I want no brushing, and I'll put on my own coat."

"Yessir," replied the barber. "Any lather, sir?"

—J. M. Mitchell



eyed Garrity. Then Kelley delivered a slow curve, and again Young swung and missed.

With the count two and two, Kelley decided he could no longer do business with the ball. He demanded a new one, then called time for a word with the catcher. This was an old Kelley dodge, designed to rattle an already rattled batter.

I GLANCED at Stubby and winced. He kept looking over at Feathercombe box trying to see Jenny, and evincing little interest in what was happening around him.

"Stubby," I hollered, "keep your mind on the game!" A needless precaution, I thought at once. The possibility of Stubby's ever leaving third base was dim. Kelley rubbed some dirt on the ball and threw a fast one, low and inside. The umpire's fingers said three and two. A groan escaped the long-suffering Lion rooters. Three-Two Kelley smiled thoughtfully and immediately went into a long wind-up.

What happened happened so fast that it was almost over before I noticed it. What happened was that Stubby suddenly broke for the plate. With the score three to two, the count three and two, the game and the pennant riding on one more pitch, McCloskey was trying to steal home. Stubby, who hadn't made a move toward stealing a base in the whole five games, was streaking down the third base line as though the entire staff of Murder, Inc., was after him. Then halfway down the line he stopped.

No one in the park was more surprised than Three-Two Kelley to see Stubby approaching home plate at about sixty miles an hour. He hollered something to the catcher, then shifted his body and threw, well inside, to cut Stubby off. But by the time the throw was made and caught Stubby had stopped running and was already rocketing back to third base. The whole ridiculous process, from start to finish, took about three-quarters of a second.

Garrity, the umpire, called the shot before anyone else had time to figure it out. He pointed a dramatic finger at Mr. Kelley's size thirteens, solidly planted in the box, and roared, "Ball four!" Then he turned to Stubby and hollered, "C'mon home, McCloskey, it's all yours."

Well from then on it was a little noisy. Kelley got into such an argument with the umpire that he was thrown out of the game, and another pitcher came in, and then Flynn stepped up to the plate and batted in the men on third and second, and it was all ours at five to three.

I saw Stubby legging it toward the



J. K. Feathercombe was charging down the corridor

showers and Jenny rushing out of her box. I wanted to see Stubby myself, but by the time I had worked my way through the crowd to the clubhouse he had gone, apparently still in uniform. The suitcase was gone too. Mr. Feathercombe was there, though, beaming and smiling and posing for the photographers. He was saying, "Well, I expect my men to think fast and make bold decisions in an emergency!"

I wrote a piece about McCloskey, the great strategist, figuring that the percentages were dead against Young getting that last hit, and timing his bold *coup* so precisely that Kelley would do just what he did: throw without stepping out of the box. I pointed out that it was really a hundred to one shot but that when long shots paid off they were worth a lot of money.

Well, that about winds up the story of the McCloskey slump and how he came out of it—except for a letter I had from Stubby a week later. And I quote, "Dear Frank:

Here we are all married already! Jenny said we should leave quick right after the game and get married because after all her Pop *did* say I could marry her if I personally saw to it that we won the game. Of course I said, Jenny, technically I didn't win the game. I mean in the record book I don't get credit for any run. I mean when you steal home you don't and shucks, I didn't even steal home. So she says, is

this a time to be technical and worry about the record book?

"Now, Frank, there's one thing worrying me. I read your story about McCloskey the great strategist, and how I figured the timing so good, stopping just at the right minute and all. It was a swell story. But I just don't feel right not telling you what happened.

WHAT really happened was—well, I hate to have to admit it, but I did what you called out not to do. I let my mind wander off the game, feeling so awful and all as I did. And with all that fooling around of Kelley's, calling time and getting new balls and so on, I honestly lost count. And so help me, when he got to ball three I thought it was strike three, on account of not having my mind on things. I was so anxious to get off the field and out before I had to see anyone that I started right in for the shower, fast as I could move. Of course I realized right away what I had done and started back for third. Wasn't it lucky Kelley got so mad he forgot to step out of the box? Well, I guess nobody but me could do such a dumb thing. Anyway I don't have anything to worry about anymore and from now on I'll keep my mind on the game."

The letter was postmarked Niagara Falls. Wouldn't you know a character like Stubby would go to Niagara Falls on his honeymoon!





## The Cancer Saint

CHICAGO—Cancer sufferers and their families and friends might be interested to know that the National Shrine to St. Peregrine, the universal patron of those suffering from cancer and running sores, is located in this city.

In old St. Dominic's Church on Chicago's near-North Side, the Shrine was founded recently under the direction of young Father John Bosco, the pastor of St. Dominic's, whose mother died of cancer.

Father Bosco, O.S.M., of the Order of Friar Servants of Mary (Servites), the order to which St. Peregrine belonged, launched the first novena service in honor of the Saint on November 17, 1953, and the services have been attracting enormous attention from the public ever since.

Catholics in other countries have known of St. Peregrine's power for generations, but he is only now coming into prominence in the U. S., partly because of the publicity and attention lately given cancer, the nation's number-two killer.

This is a matter of far more significance than coincidence to me, and I choose to feel the opportunity for devotion to St. Peregrine was granted us at this time as an added means of combating cancer and speeding the scientific discovery of its cure.

Some day soon, as a result, this Servite may be well known here as in Europe where he is widely hailed as the "Mighty," the "Marvelous," the "Wonder-Working St. Peregrine," "The Servite Miracle-Worker," and in the region of his apostolate in Italy, as "The Apostle of Emilia."

His mother recalled how all life is a pilgrimage to heaven as she looked upon her new babe, born in Forli, Italy, in 1260, and noted that "you, also, my son, are a pilgrim along the way."

Since the Latin for "pilgrim" is *peregrinus*, the little fellow was called Peregrine, Peregrine Laziosi.

Now, it so happened that Forli was then the center of a revolt against the temporal authority of the Pope, Martin IV, and young Peregrine grew up in this unhealthy atmosphere. He eventually

selected one Guido de Montefeltro, a leader of the rebellion and an excommunicate, as his personal hero.

This de Montefeltro later led a Forlian army against a combined Papal and French army and wiped out more than 18,000 men. In desperation, the Pope sent a gentle Servite—the Order had been founded in 1233—one Philip Benizi, later canonized, to see what could be accomplished with quiet words and pleas for peace and conformance.

Friar Philip's first appearance in Forli was attended by an angry crowd of young revolutionaries, and Peregrine Laziosi was the worst behaved of all.

Not content to shout at the holy man, he suddenly rushed at him and beat him unconscious.

It is recorded, however, that Peregrine left the scene with a doubtful sense of victory and later ran after the bruised and bleeding Friar to beg forgiveness. Philip told the hot-headed youth to return to the Cathedral of Forli and pray before the image of the Sorrowful Mother of Christ.

Peregrine followed Philip's instructions to the letter and, while doing so, heard a whispered request that he join the Servites.

He immediately applied for admission, was accepted and given his habit by Philip Benizi, himself, the same habit he wore for the next sixty-two years.

AS a Servite, Peregrine dwelt often on his early sins and was known for the severe penances he inflicted on himself by way of partial atonement. These penances have since attracted the attention of religious and secular scholars everywhere. Even the late Robert Ripley, in his popular "Believe It or Not" feature, once noted that St. Peregrine didn't sit down for thirty years and, when forced to sleep through exhaustion, either leaned against a wall or used a stone for a pillow, the ground for a couch.

"If Christians do not receive what they seek of God," he used to say, "it is solely because they lack faith."

He apparently demonstrated his exceptional faith many times and at least

once was given the special grace to multiply a single ear of corn so that it filled the cottages and barns of his friends, the poor.

Finally, as if to further test his faith, a cancer attacked his leg in the declining years of his life. It ravaged his flesh so quickly that the bone was soon exposed and a stench so terrible created that it was nearly impossible to approach him. Peregrine's close friend, Dr. Paul Salacio, prescribed amputation of the leg.

The holy man accepted the prescription although he felt work among his beloved poor would be curtailed.

The night before the operation was to take place, he dragged himself to the dark little Servite chapel to pray and, worn out, soon fell asleep.

When he was awakened the next morning to prepare for the operation, it was discovered that his leg was completely healed without even the slightest trace of a scar!

NEWS of the cure spread, as you can imagine, and more people than ever flocked to Friar Peregrine for help and consolation; but he was eighty years old, very tired and, besides, it was the first day of May, the month of Mary, to whom the Servites are dedicated.

So, like a weary pilgrim, whose journey's end is in sight, Peregrine Laziosi died May 2, 1345, and his body instantly began to exude "a heavenly perfume."

Miracle followed miracle and it has been recorded that "an entire book would be needed to give even a list of them."

In one city alone, Città di Castello, between 1694 and 1726, church authorities listed more than three hundred cures.

Peregrine Laziosi was beatified in 1609, miracles reportedly obtained through his intercession were then carefully examined during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and, in 1715, his body was found to be incorrupt and still exuding the same perfume noticed at the time of his death.

Canonization by Pope Benedict XIII came in 1726.

# THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Mass Obligation

*Since I am responsible for others, please settle this problem. If I arrive late for Mass on a Sunday or holy day, must I attend another Mass, to make up for what I missed?*

F. J., BROOKLINE, MASS.



The First Precept of the Church specifies the "how" of God's Third Commandment to "keep holy the Lord's Day." Negatively, we must abstain from unnecessary servile work. Positively, we must pay our respects to God by attending the Sacrifice of Calvary as it is offered Eucharistically in the Mass. The obligation of Mass is grave; hence, to neglect it without sufficient reason entails grave sin. To fulfill that obligation properly, we should be present for the entire Mass.

True—some parts of the Mass are unessential, or at least less important than others. If we miss an essential or even an important part of an obligatory Mass, we should attend another Mass in order to make up the deficit. If a considerable amount be still due, a debt is not substantially paid off. And attendance at the Eucharistic sacrifice is our debt to God of adoration, thanksgiving, atonement, and petition.

The essential part of the Mass is the Consecration. Examples of important parts of the Mass: from the beginning up to the Gospel, coupled with the part that follows the Communion; from the beginning to the Offertory inclusively. Many, many people who never miss a train or arrive at a theater after curtain time are habitually late for Mass and leave too early. In paying their respects to God, they have a "stopwatch" attitude. To miss the essential or an important part of the Mass, without sufficient reason, is a grave sin; to miss a comparatively less important part is a venial sin.

## Catholic Action Groups

*Who are the Campaigners for Christ the King? the Legion of Mary?*—F. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Legion of Christ the King, a lay organization devoted to nursing and teaching of religion, was founded in 1932 and is active in two States. For full information, write to headquarters at 21 Washington Street, Brighton 46, Mass.

The Legion of Mary, founded in Dublin, Ireland, 1921, is an association of Catholic laity dedicated to their own spiritual improvement and that of others—such as the reclaiming of "fallen away" converts. Their patroness is Mary in her role as Dispenser of All Graces. Well over five hundred units co-operate with the apostolic work of bishops throughout the world. Members meet weekly to pray, plan, and take action according to the local needs of the Church Militant. In this country, further information

can be had upon application to the following centers: P. O. Box 918, St. Louis, Mo.; 423 Commercial Square, Cincinnati 2, Ohio; 304 Southway, Baltimore 18, Md.

## Drastic Discipline

*My husband maintains that, as head of the family, a husband is obliged in conscience to discipline an erring wife, even by recourse to corporal punishment. He quotes Proverbs 27:16.—A.M., TOLEDO, OHIO.*

We do not doubt that your husband is a "God-fearing man devoted to his family." You state that a wife's infidelity is not his worry, but lesser faults such as neglect of children, overbuying on charge accounts, and the like. Even in a case of infidelity—and aside from the civil laws of the various States—a husband is not justified in beating his wife on the basis of the Scripture he quotes. That passage from Proverbs is admitted by scholars as extremely difficult to interpret reliably.

In administering corporal punishment, even in the case of children, policy should be conservative, lest the exercise of such discipline become a vent for immoderate anger or for the sexual form of cruelty known as sadism. A prudent husband can effectively hobble a neglectful or spendthrift wife in many ways. Recourse to the whip is bound to beget resentment to the point of hatred.

## "Fringe on the Towel"

*We were visited by the new Methodist minister in town, who was genuinely glad of the fact that, although my husband is an Episcopalian, we attend Mass every Sunday. I was so completely captivated by his charm that I offered to type for him. Why don't our priests get acquainted with their flock in this way?*—A. R., GLENS FALLS, N.Y.

In the first place, the minister would have been well advised to call upon his own parishioners only. We do not doubt that he is graced with the charming personality which you so rapturously describe, nor do we question his motives in promising to help in times of illness or other misfortune. However, one so winsome will have no difficulty in obtaining the services of a typist from among his co-religionists. It would be definitely out of order that a Catholic function as secretary to a non-Catholic minister. Presumably, Methodists foster the brand of so-called Christianity shattered by their founder, John Wesley (1703-91), and now fractured into about twenty-one sub-sects.

Nowadays, aside from sick calls, the visitation of Catholic homes by the parish priest depends upon several factors which vary locally. While you and your non-Catholic husband welcome that "dear old custom," many others would consider an unnecessary visit as an intrusion upon their time and privacy. When feasible, parish priests visit every Catholic home on the occasion of annual census. Not only in heavily populated city parishes, but elsewhere religious

Sisters conduct the census visitation. They can devote their time exclusively to this work for which they are trained professionally. Oftentimes, they can—"woman to woman"—make such headway with a wife and mother as no man could hope for. To conclude—don't overestimate or become mesmerized by a charming personality. A "Dale Carnegie" personality is a valuable and enviable asset, but only your priests can transmit to you, unsullied, the bequest of Christ's teaching, ruling, and sanctifying.

### Unbroken Continuity

*Aside from the fact that the Holy Spirit guides the Church, can we prove that the continuity of priestly Orders was not broken during the centuries? Suppose that unworthy bishops did not ordain priests properly—such priests, becoming bishops, could not ordain properly.—J. F., ANN ARBOR, MICH.*



For a valid administration of the Sacrament of Holy Orders, the following factors are requisite: a fit candidate, the matter and form of the sacrament, and a competent bishop. In the history of the Church, there have been unworthy bishops—beginning with Judas—but unworthiness does not undo competence. A crooked judge still has jurisdiction. A physician neglectful of his own health or even guilty of malpractice does not thereby lose his skill.

Provided a candidate for the priesthood measures up to requirements, if the matter and form of the sacrament be properly applied, if the ordaining bishop be validly consecrated, then there is no question as to the validity of an ordination. All these factors are under minute scrutiny—by superiors of the seminary where candidates are trained, by the Master of Ceremonies and other priests who assist the ordaining bishop, and by the Pope who, as "Bishop of Bishops" and Supreme Pontiff, is vigilant as to the integrity of all bishops throughout the Church Universal. Hence, the likelihood of an invalid ordination is so meager as to be negligible.

In the case of an ordination to the priesthood, it is possible that the ordaining bishop might not have the right intention, the "mind of the Church," that he might not intend what Christ intends. Such was the case in the ordination of Anglican ministers. But any lack of proper intention, based upon heresy, is bound to "come out," for the protective influence of the Holy Spirit is a function of Divine Providence.

### Church & State

*By what authority, centuries ago, did Christian emperors convoke a general or local Council of the Church?—W. K. HOUSTON, TEXAS.*

Centuries ago, when relations between Church and State were more normal, mutual co-operation was the order of the day. Kings and Popes worked together for the betterment of Church and Christian countries. Even today, for that matter, the Church should do all in its power to foster the stability and prosperity of legitimate civil government and, in turn, the civil authorities should uphold the freedom of the Church as the spiritual and eternal Kingdom of God. As mother and father toward their children, as medical man and surgeon in charge of the same patient, King and Pope depended each upon the other for the promotion of common interests. So much for the spirit of the "ages of faith."

In those days, there was no swift means of communication throughout the Church at large. Occasionally, emergency circumstances made it urgent that a local Council be con-

voked and that the endorsement of Church authorities be sought for afterward. Whenever a Christian emperor went so far as to call together a Council of the Church, he did so pending approval by the Archbishop of a Province or by the Vicar of Christ. No Council ever did or ever could become official until approved by competent ecclesiastical authority. When the Pope could not be present in person, he sent his own special delegate to preside, whenever possible; if not, then all matters pertinent to faith, morals, discipline, and rites had to await his ratification. For example, a manager's secretary may not only type a letter; he may even compose it; yet, it is worthless without an official signature. So too, no matter how important or indispensable the part played by a Christian king in the convocation of a Church Council, that part was always subservient to the action of the successors of the Apostles. Another angle of the old-time relationship between King and Pope is this—churchmen often depended upon the protection of the civil power during slow and hazardous journeys to and from a council.

### Bond of Union

*After nine years of marriage to a sterile husband, I find life a continuous stretch of ennui, have lost all zest for living. He shows me very little affection, spends a great deal of time in other company—his preference. Nor will he consent to an adoption.—C. J., CHICAGO, ILL.*

For the sake of the marital peace to which you are entitled, you and your husband should hold a "council of war." You have a right to know where he spends most of his time, and with whom. But—to "put the axe to the roots"—are you medically sure as to his sterility and your own fertility? Both husband and wife can be tested medically in a way that is morally unobjectionable. Have you consulted a competent Catholic physician? What is your sincere answer to an honest-to-goodness question? Have you done anything—by action or omission—to cool your husband's affection for you? Both of you should check as to interests you may have in common, for common interests are essential for congenial company. If reliable medical tests indicate that you must continue childless, one of the very best bonds of union would be an adopted child. Very many married couples have had to cope with your problem, and the adoption of children has proven providential for them—and for orphaned darlings.

### "Damn!"

*How sinful is it to use the word "damn!"?—A. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

That depends. Any speech that implies insult or contempt for God is seriously sinful; also blasphemous is any speech implying insult or contempt for holy persons or things—for example, to condemn the saints directly is to condemn God indirectly. To curse anybody or anything holy would be the worst possible use of the word "damn."

If there be no intention to curse, the use of the word "damn" is, ordinarily, not sinful. Rather, it is a mere safety-valve for pent-up feelings. It can mean simply that something or other is useless or of little value. A reviewer may be said to "damn" a play by his faint praise. Not "to give a tinker's damn" implies merely indifference. Needless to say, when emotional effervescence occasions the use of such a term, the Holy Name should not be coupled with it, or we become guilty of profanity; furthermore, we should be conservative in the presence of children, who may not be mature enough to evaluate what is said, the more so if such language be a symptom of uncontrolled anger.

# A Town by Any Other Name . . .

. . . would sound much better, but people can't resist giving their towns zany monikers



**AZUSA:** the town with the best from "A" to "Z" in the U.S.A.



**ALCOA:** home of the Aluminum Company of America

by **FRANK REMINGTON**

OUR country has thousands of unusual place names and there's a story behind each one. Take Bakeoven, Oregon. It acquired its name from an unfortunate experience of a French trader who one day set out with a stock of flour. Ill luck plagued him, for on his first night out a band of marauding Indians raided his camp and stole his mules. Without transportation for his merchandise, he constructed a stone oven on the spot, baked his flour into bread, and sold it to passing trappers and travelers. Later, settlers in the vicinity remembered the incident and named their community Bakeoven.

Many towns came by their names through equally singular circumstances. Flagstaff, Arizona, acquired its name from a trimmed tree atop which a band of explorers hung a flag to celebrate Independence Day. Zigzag, Oregon, was christened for the irregular shapes of the mountain peaks among which it nestles.

There are hundreds of pious towns and cities—that is, if the names of these places are any criteria of their goodness. Many states have towns and villages named Faith, Hope, or Charity, such as Faith, South Dakota; Hope, Indiana; and Charity, Missouri. There's a Love in Virginia, and both Florida and Arizona boast a town named Christmas. The latter was christened when a rich silver vein was discovered there on December 25.

Strung across the United States are 22 towns named after St. John, 15 after St. Joseph, 14 each after St. Mary and St. Charles, 2 Holy Crosses, and 11 towns named after the Holy Trinity, not to mention Los Angeles, Sacra-

mento and Corpus Christi, all of which are derived from sacred terms.

A little-known bureau of the Department of the Interior in Washington has final authority on place names. The Board of Geographic Names (BGN) passes on the names submitted for a new place and acts on applications for changes in old ones.

Among its other duties, the Board standardizes names, spellings, and pronunciations. One of its decisions involved the correct title of a stream in New Hampshire. Some of the local residents still refer to it as Quohquinapassakessamanagweg. However, the correct name, according to BGN, is Beaver Brook.

A number of towns are located on the boundary line between two states and have taken their names from that fact. Thus, Texarkana is half in Texas and half in Arkansas. Similarly, Cal-exico lies on the boundary between California and Mexico. And on the line separating Delaware and Maryland is the village of Delmar.

Many place names fall into natural categories, such as Tomato, Arkansas; Toast, North Carolina; Biscuit, Kentucky; Sandwich, New Hampshire; and Tea, South Dakota. In the clothing line there's Suit, North Carolina; Smock, Pennsylvania; Vest, Kentucky, and Coats, Kansas. Music lovers should like Fife, Oregon; Drums, Pennsylvania, and Walz, Michigan. Sometimes a town name combined with the abbreviation of its state name makes an interesting as well as humorous coincidence; Ash, Kan.; Carpet, Tex.; Odear, Me.; Skel-

ton, Ky.; Houdy, Miss.; Fiver, Tenn.

The railroads have had a part in christening towns. Some years ago the Milwaukee Railroad built a bridge across the Missouri River. A telegrapher stationed at the site signed his messages "Missouri Bridge." Later, he shortened it to "Mo. Bridge," which eventually became Mobridge, South Dakota.

Family names, given names, and even initials are also popular as place names. In Oregon, there's an Elmonica, so christened in honor of two of the town's girls—Eleanor and Monica. Itmann, West Virginia, combines the initials and name of I. T. Mann, a prominent local man. Dallas, Texas, acquired its name from the eleventh vice-president of the United States—George Dallas.

**B**USINESS firms too, have had a part in putting names on the map. Alcoa, abbreviated spelling of the Aluminum Company of America, is a town in Tennessee and the home of a huge aluminum plant. Goodyear is a village adjacent to the Arizona Division of the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation. Likewise, Atco, Georgia, is a short form for the Atlantic Transportation Company.

There are really as many stories behind the selection of a place name as there are places. Even an argument once produced a town name. The dispute occurred in a small Georgia community. The residents could not decide what to call their town. After hours of bickering had failed to turn up a name that pleased everybody, the inhabitants finally agreed. They called it Nameless.



# Books

## SCHOOL FOR HOPE

By Michael McLaverty. 212 pages.  
Macmillan. \$3.50

Readers of *THE SIGN* are familiar with Mr. McLaverty's reputation as a spinner of Irish tales and his unique ability to transmit the alternating moods, the faith, and the courage of his people. Those talents are very much in evidence as he writes of a young girl's struggle to find contentment and hope in a small County Down coastal town.



M. McLaverty

Nora Byrne comes to teach in a boys' school, fighting back the fear that tuberculosis will claim her, as it did her mother and sister. Peter Lynch, a lonely bachelor of forty, is the headmaster, ineffectually parrying the dominance of an older sister who keeps his house. The stage is set for romance and for conflict, both of which McLaverty handles with his delightful and rare literary skill.

He is best describing the vagaries and the beauties of nature, such as "that thrush loosening his throat" or "the cold mossy smell of the water." If the romance is somewhat conventional in its frustrations and roadblocks, the setting Michael McLaverty creates is not. He carries the reader to his seaside town, helps them taste the gooseberry tarts, feel the warm rain, and understand why its people act as they do. His is indeed a commanding talent.

JERRY GOTTER.

## THE ROYAL BOX

By Frances P. Keyes. 367 pages.  
Messner. \$3.50

Mrs. Keyes' sturdy story-telling gifts make what might just have been a large-scale puppet show into a novel of intrigue; one that recognizes, if it does not attempt to interpret or analyze, the fierce tensions that have developed in Europe and the East.



F. P. Keyes

But *The Royal Box* will not disappoint her loyal following. It is primarily about fashionable people, fashionably dressed, going to fashionable places.

It has the dagger and the cloak, the poison cup, Scotland Yard detective, French count, oriental diplomat, English aristocrats, and fine, upstanding American folks. It also has human gore, shed under the most elegant circumstances, and scenes not only of backstage life, London drawing rooms, and the Vermont countryside, but, as the ultimate in up-to-dateness, the war in Indo-China.

Mrs. Keyes writes in an attractively unassuming way, handles her characters with the skill of an experienced hostess, and shows real respect for research. The opening "Author's Note" thanks barristers, an oil magnate, an Oklahoma Board of Education official, internists, and an alienist for their help in gathering the data that gives an air of verisimilitude to her romantic tale.

Her purpose is obviously to please. Those who have not enjoyed the fore-runners of *The Royal Box* will likely not care for it. But for her huge public, in many countries, who have regularly welcomed her other novels, Mrs. Keyes' latest will simply be a generous and appreciated portion of more of the same.

GLORINDA CLARKE.

## DON CAMILLO'S DILEMMA

Giovanni Guareschi. 255 pages.  
Farrar, Straus & Young. \$3.00

One of the most celebrated yet good-humored feuds in modern day literature is the earthy battle of wits (and sometimes fists) involving Don Camillo, parish priest, and Peppone, mayor. In this third and latest volume, the battle rages ever onward and takes on a kind of traditional aspect as the cycle begins to repeat itself.



G. Guareschi

Guareschi continues to write with compassion, clarity, and bubbling good humor as incident follows incident. No doubt Guareschi himself will follow with a fourth book in the very near future. He is now serving a year in an Italian prison for libeling the Premier.

With apt illustrations by the author, the volume unfolds twenty-five clashes between Don Camillo and Peppone. Not all of them are victories for the churchman, nor is Peppone ever fully crushed. What Guareschi does, how-

ever, is not to condemn but to satirize. And what is more important, he never lets you forget that both priest and party leader are flesh and blood and heir to mortal virtues and vices alike.

Brothers in arms during their guerrilla warfare days, Don Camillo and Peppone have each gone separate ways that call for official hostility. And although neither will admit it even to himself, there is still mutual affection between them. When they find that they have been overzealous and too successful in the warfare they conduct against each other, they commit a kind of treason against their own causes to give one another a helping but extremely surreptitious hand.

Like its predecessors, this volume imparts that exuberance and fundamental humanity that is characteristic of the Latin temperament. It transports one to the Po River Valley and the little village where the Lord seems to be playing checkers with Himself, much to Don Camillo's consternation.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

## THROUGH MALAN'S AFRICA

By Robert St. John. 317 pages.  
Doubleday. \$3.95

South Africa has 2½ million white citizens and 10 million non-white citizens and a government headed by an 80-year-old former Dutch Reformed minister and committed to a policy of *apartheid*, pronounced "apart-hate," calling for the maintenance of an "exclusively white Christian civilization."



R. St. John

To prepare this vivid picture of Africa's darkest nation, Robert St. John visited every major South African city and many of the native reserves where millions of Africans are ghettoized on land blighted by overcultivation and erosion. He walked the streets of Capetown's District 6 and of other all-native areas where a white man cannot enter without a permit and where poverty and disease are so rampant that the children "never laugh and rarely smile." On the outskirts of gold-rich Johannesburg, in the humid hours before dawn, he watched thousands of African working men and women line up for the busses to town. He watched them waiting for hours—patient, uncom-

plaining, and unpoliced, these people whom the Malan government contends cannot rule themselves because they lack self-discipline!

He saw officials implement the policy of *apartheid* by separating a European-looking boy from his not-so-European-looking twin, and he witnessed a white judge send a colored man to prison for manslaughter while a white man, convicted of the same charge on the same day, went free on payment of a forty-five-dollar fine.

For the most part, St. John lets the unsavory facts speak for themselves. What they say is clear enough. The Malan government's oppressive measures are fast reaching a point beyond human endurance, and there is no question that the government is deliberately hamstringing the moderates among the opposition and encouraging the extremists—presumably in the hope of precipitating a "blood bath" that would justify even more repressive measures.

MILTON LOMASK.

## A WREATH FOR THE ENEMY

By Pamela Frankau.  
Harper.

310 pages.  
\$3.50

*A Wreath for the Enemy* gives the parallel contrasting stories of two English children. They meet for a few Summer days. One acts bravely in the presence of death: the other does not. What they do changes their lives. Pamela Frankau shows dramatically the impact of courage, imagination, and the death of people they love, on the hearts of a growing boy and girl.

Penelope Wells is the thirteen-year-old daughter of a gentleman turned in-keeper on the French Riviera. Her life is carefree and casual and she yearns for an order that her parents, superficially at least, do not give her. Don Bradley and his family are on vacation at a nearby villa. They are bluff, hearty, and very proper. But the seeming pattern and solidity of their lives cover a chaos of distrust and intolerance.

Then two Olympian personalities show the children the road they should take to true liberty. Penelope's guardian angel is a raffish old American-born duchess, Don's a crippled but gallant Catholic squire.

Miss Frankau's picture of young and pilgrim spirits is an enchanting one. Her writing is a joy of skill, color, and humor. Penelope as a little English exile and Don as a schoolboy are centers of moving dramas.

Her concluding chapters, as she tries too fast to bind up the threads of her plot, are cluttered, too pat, and anxious

to persuade. Penelope's amorous experiment with an Oxford student is completely discordant. But Miss Frankau in general develops her theme "death is a part of life" and her tale of Don's search for the supernatural, in particular, with great artistry.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

## A FABLE

By William Faulkner.  
Random House.

437 pages.  
\$1.75

This novel, which Faulkner has enwrapped in what is almost a tortured travesty of the twisting and involuted rhetoric for which he has been most criticized, will be more critically discussed than popularly read. The critic, Conrad Aiken, who calls himself a "passionate" admirer of Faulkner, once suggested that the first fifty pages of the writer were the hardest and that with each new novel there was a temptation to give up. In *A Fable*, the writer's obscurantism of style and symbolism defeats its own purpose, for it continues from the first page to the last.

The scene of the novel is France in wartime 1918. Its theme hinges upon a mutiny of French soldiers in the trenches. The publishers have issued the book with a stark cross upon the cover and others heading each chapter. They indicate, but very tentatively, that the book is a Faulknerian modern version of the week of the Passion. It is not a conclusion self-evident in the book, no matter how it may have been in the writer's mind; and there it would seem he saw it only through a glass in a dark manner. Whatever Faulkner intended, he has buried it under the unbroken and lengthy free flow of consciousness that he nominally assigns to presumably symbolic characters but that really is only an extension of his own psychoanalytic brooding. A strange book from a strange genius, who through most of it seems to be talking not to his readers but to himself.

DORAN HURLEY.

## THE FALL OF A TITAN

By Igor Gouzenko.  
Norton.

629 pages.  
\$1.50

Played out in *The Fall of a Titan* is the struggle between two men in Soviet Russia. One, the titan of the title, is Mikhail Gorin (a world famous writer resembling Maxim Gorki); a humanist, whose writings inspired the Bolshevik Revolution, he begins to question the omnipotent State. The other is Feodor Novikov, a Party man assigned a specific



W. Faulkner



P. Frankau

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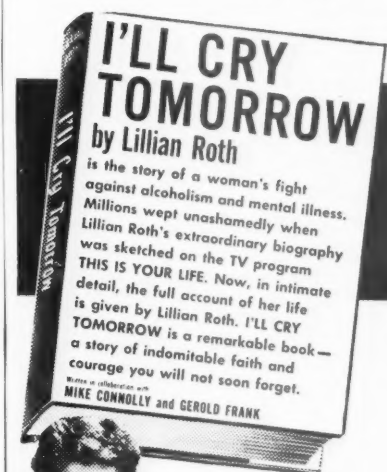
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# Choice Books

## The Triptych of the Kingdom

By Dr. N. G. M. Van Doornik,  
Rev. S. Jelsma,  
and Rev. A. Van De Lisdonk

A book with a clear and obvious purpose written by men of wide experience who show great insight into the difficulties of non-Catholics. With a great serenity and understanding this handbook of the Catholic Faith leads the inquirer on to a sincere religious outlook. It covers all the great truths of Christianity in detail with arguments from Scripture, tradition and reason. An excellent reference book for teachers, a valuable guide for the convert and a refresher course in the Faith for the best of Catholics. \$4.75

## The Lady and the Sun

By Elizabeth Dockman

A new, first novel, based on the wondrous happenings at Fatima and effectively blending fact and fiction. Elizabeth Dockman's book is superbly written. Her writing is crisp, her style vivid; the characters—with special emphasis on Ti Marta and Olimpia—are so alive you might have been chatting with them five minutes ago. With a dash of fancy here and there she has given flavor to the familiar story and made not only the story but the characters and especially the message unforgettable. \$4.00

## The Path to the Heights

By Raoul Plus, S.J.

This book forcefully compares life on earth to the rigors of mountain climbing. By means of this metaphor, Father Plus not only makes the spiritual life much easier to understand and to follow but also proves how little equipment we really need—good will. The book is full of much practical spirituality, treated with the author's usual lightness of touch and brightened with anecdotes on almost every page. \$2.50

## Everyman at His Prie-Dieu

By Robert Nash, S.J.

Forty-three meditations arranged according to the Ignatian method and intended to aid Catholic laymen to pray. "Here is a wonderful opportunity for laymen to learn how to meditate. Father Nash supplies all the tools. Those who have been experiencing too many distractions in 'saying' prayers and have been a little fearful of meditation will find this book the answer to their distractions and a fine introduction to the art of mental prayer." —The Brooklyn Tablet \$3.75

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mission: bring Gorin back to the fold or arrange his secret destruction.

Against the backdrop of the USSR in the middle thirties, when Stalin was consolidating his power, the plot focuses on the absolute corruption of the Soviets and mounts to a violent climax. As intriguing as the plot is, however, characterization is the thing that makes this novel. With something of a Dostoevskian technique, Gorin and Novikov are developed primarily through their insights into the human capacity for good and evil.

There are at least three good reasons why Igor Gouzenko's first book will become a best-seller. In the first place its author is the famous "cipher clerk" who fled the Soviets in 1945, taking with him 109 secret documents—evidence which broke the notorious spy ring that operated in Canada, Great Britain, and the United States. Secondly, as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, this novel is guaranteed a vast initial distribution. And most important, this work, of such notable energy and power that it recalls the classical masters of Russian fiction, is one of the best books published thus far this year.

A lengthy, informative, gripping literary work of art. *The Fall of a Titan* should be read at leisure and enjoyed page by page.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

## THE HEALING OATH

By Andre Soubiran. 376 pages.  
Putnam. \$3.95

A young doctor just beginning to practice his art is in a position to make many comfortable compromises. Very likely, he has started the trend in medical school and from then, it is all too easy to make his calling a business rather than a vocational charity. If he can overcome the bad example of some of his colleagues and his own inertia, the love of medicine will make him a dedicated man, a man of spiritual stature.

When Jean Nerac, a medical student in Paris, became *locum tenens* for ailing Dr. Delpuech of Aurillac, he realized that he was trying to fill the shoes of just such a man. During a hard three weeks of country practice, Jean compares Dr. Delpuech's life with the dissipated, luxurious existence that was his in Paris. He meets ungrateful, deceitful patients, calculating doctors and idealistic ones, unbelievable suffering, laziness, and squalor. Somehow he manages to synthesize all these impressions and evolve from them an ideal. When he returns to Paris, he falls quickly into his former immoralities, until a criminal abortion brings him to remorse and a struggle for a better self. He is still not mature, but he has at least seen

what the medical profession expects of its followers.

This novel has neither the depth nor the bitter incisiveness of van der Meersch's *Bodies and Souls*. M. Soubiran is at his best in analyzing doctor-patient relationships and in comparing the different responses several doctors make to medicine's exacting demands.

PAULA BOWEN

## THE LAST OF THE FATHERS

By Thomas Merton. 123 pages.  
Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50

The commemorative encyclical *Doctor Mellifluus*, issued by Pope Pius XII on the eighth centenary of the death of Saint Bernard, is here presented to the American public in an approved translation. Thomas Merton, at the request of ecclesiastical superiors, has provided a longish preface intended to fill in the historical background.

Sympathy and scholarship are in evidence throughout, but the result is a rather unsatisfying book. Perhaps Father Merton did not feel quite at ease with his assignment. He has written either too much or too little. The translated encyclical could have been published by itself—with a few words of introduction—for the use of readers already more or less familiar with Saint Bernard's career. Or it might have been incorporated in a much larger work, with a full biography and a full discussion of the Saint as theologian and man of affairs. In that case the Pope's excellent summing-up could have reached a wider public as a real aid to historical understanding. But Thomas Merton's introduction does not aim clearly at any particular type of reader. Bits of detailed biography, which a scholar might well skip, alternate with gaps and generalizations which will leave most laymen a trifle perplexed.

One never grasps why Bernard was so tremendous. There are rewarding glimpses of a fine preacher, a noble stylist, an ardent restorer of Christian joy and hope, but there is no clear indication why Dante placed him at the summit of Paradise and kings went crusading at his call.

GEOFFREY ASHE

## THE CONQUEST OF DON PEDRO

By Harvey Fergusson. 250 pages.  
Morrow. \$3.50

Leo Mendes, protagonist of this novel, is a pioneer who brings to New Mexico in the 1870's not the urge to clear the wilderness but the restless mystique of trade. Through it he transforms the feudal Spanish society that had gripped the territory and made it stagnant.

Leo is merely a successful peddler when he arrives at Don Pedro, but he is



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determined to break the hold of the local patron, Don Agustin, over the peons who work his soil and live permanently in his debt. Leo founds a store, barbers and sells rapidly and honestly, and soon rises to eminence as an equal of the Mexican aristocracy, even taking Dona Lupe, the wife of his enemy, as his mistress.

At forty, Leo marries the sixteen-year-old Magdalena, niece of Dona Lupe, in a civil ceremony, only to lose her to a younger man whom he had considered his friend. The tragedy of this relationship is the most effectively told portion of the novel. Leo leaves Don Pedro as he had come—a lonely man whose work is his life. He will go north where the railroad has begun its penetration of the West. "I will have work to do there and I long for new work."

*The Conquest of Don Pedro* is good history but only average fiction. Its characters, especially the minor ones, lack depth; the dialogue and plot are mechanical. To the extent, however, that it shows the contribution of the entrepreneur to our way of life, it is of interest and value.

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.

## THE ETERNAL SMILE

By Pär Lagerkvist. 389 pages. Random House. \$4.50

This collection of the shorter prose of Pär Lagerkvist, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1951, offers an extraordinary self-portrait of a brooding, isolated literary personality. It is so heavy with the pigments of moralistic gloom that it is as if a cubist painter were to limn in distorted abstraction on a dark canvas one of the gargoyles of Notre Dame cathedral. So much of Lagerkvist's writing has a certain medievalism; so much more has touches of frowning Swedenborgian mysticism; and still again his especial spirit of tragic fantasy reaches toward existentialism.

Some of the prose pieces, they can hardly be called stories, selected by Dr. Lagerkvist from his writings of the past thirty years are hardly more than one or two-paragraph, darkly moralistic musings. The theology that broodingly pervades his writing seems to be largely his own, wrested from some private tragic recesses of his soul. He is so obsessed by dark symbols that it is difficult to discern any factual belief in God.

In the title story there is an apocalyptic presentation of Christ as the Saviour of mankind that is sympathetic, although his folk representation of God the Father in the same story will jar upon many sensibilities. So also, in another story "Paradise," which retells the substance of the Book of Genesis, it is Lagerkvist's twisted private theology

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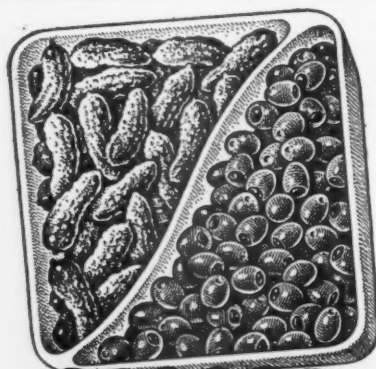


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that insists that God commanded the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge rather than prohibited it.

*The Eternal Smile*, needless to say, is a book only for the more curious students of comparative and contemporary world literature.

DORAN HURLEY.

### THE MANGO SEASON

By Kathryn Grondahl. 247 pages. *Morrow.* \$3.50

The hot stickiness of the mango season late in May is not the easiest time of year for foreign tempers in the closely knit diplomatic set in Bangkok, Siam. A dozen people in this readable novel find it a time of crisis which each meets in a characteristic way.

Nora Shepperd, wife of an American Embassy member, sees and is unable to supply her husband's desperate need of her devotion which she has long since squandered on her first husband and their daughter; Jay has little left but the bottle, an occasional dancing girl, or perhaps, the exotic Eurasian spy, Simonetta Murphy.

The Ambassador and his wife, by contrast, are far more happily married. Still, there are dissatisfactions which are brought to a head by the birth of their first grandson back in the States.

Gordon Piper, who works under Jay Shepperd, finds Jay's drinking and his own pride the source of his domestic tension. The young Siamese brother and sister, Phin and Chatra, must combat the duplicity of their elder brother as they try to absorb Western influences and still keep the strength of their ancient traditions. Finally, Bob Cullen and Jo Ann Nelson find in each other a bit of the American Far West.

By the coming of the rainy season, the difficulties of this group seem on the road to resolution, but not before Mrs. Grondahl has shown us the close interaction of their lives and how incidents and personality traits, of themselves unimportant, can mount up to a striking climax.

PAULA BOWES.

### THE TECHNIQUES OF COMMUNISM

By Louis F. Budenz. 342 pages. *Regnery.* \$5.00

There is a desperate, pressing need in the United States for our people to soak up all the knowledge we can absorb about the nature of the Communist conspiracy. Official information recently revealed that there are at least 25,000 Red agents operating



Louis Budenz

inside our borders today, and it is becoming increasingly evident to informed experts responsible for our security that the tactics of these Red agents, and many phases of their activity, are but little understood by the American people.

There is at hand, however, in this valuable book, a precise and detailed explanation of Communism and how it operates. Budenz probably knows more about the Communist movement by personal experience and study than any other person in the United States. He was once a high-ranking Communist, the editor of the *Daily Worker*.

Today, and for these past several years since he repudiated Communism and returned to Catholicism, he has devoted himself assiduously, with the passionate intensity of the true penitent, to undoing the harm he did while he was in the Communist Party. By exposing our hidden enemies, by writing, lecturing, and teaching, he works now to enlighten the country, so that we may, at this late hour, arm ourselves properly to defeat Communism.

This book, which analyzes Communist activities as the Communist is instructed to carry them out, is the result of classes on the subject at Fordham and, additionally, of classes Mr. Budenz conducted at Seton Hall University. It is an easily understood text book for adults, thoroughly documented, as absorbing to read as a cloak-and-dagger story. For it is the record of our times and of the way spies, traitors, and foreign agents among us are working to destroy us.

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN.

### CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA

A series of Articles from *The Commonwealth*. 240 pages. *Harcourt, Brace.* \$3.75

This book can be recommended as a companion to *The Catholic Church in World Affairs* (reviewed in *THE SIGN*, May, 1954.) A series of eighteen articles from one of the two principal Catholic weekly magazines, it is the work of laymen, all but two of them Catholics. There is a Foreword by George N. Shuster.

The viewpoint of these articles on how we American Catholics affect American politics, education, social reform, science, literature, films, and other facets of our national life is one that in all fairness can only be described as cultivated, generous, and realistic. A sectarian Catholicism, an ostrich Catholicism, a Catholicism of blue noses, hatchet-men, and fulminators is in danger of being Satanocentric rather than Christocentric. A Catholicism of narrow nationalism and isolationism is in danger of not being the international

Church of Christ. Such are a few of the major emphases of a book which is an admirable venture in American Catholic journalism.

No reader will find it possible to agree with every single opinion in this highly opinionated symposium. But no reader will find it dull. It is full of strong, sharp, constructive thinking. Every curious-minded Catholic editor and educator in the country, hearing about it, will want to read it. It honors the Church. It believes that the Church is capable—now and in the future, as well as it was in the past—of greatness and nobility and beauty. If at times it is a little questioning about some of its members of the Church—well, greatness and nobility and beauty cannot be fostered by complacency.

HUGH CROSSON.

## SHORT NOTICES

**RELIGION BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN.** By George N. Shuster. 281 pages. Macmillan. \$1.00. Dr. Shuster traces the sufferings of Catholics, Protestants, and believing Jews in Eastern Europe since 1945. Satellite policy toward religion, as he portrays it, is monotonous and repulsive. First, a new constitution promises liberty of worship, but leaves the State free to act against "counter-revolutionaries." Then every important religious figure is jailed or silenced as a "counter-revolutionary." The survivors can carry on, but only by allowing the State to control their funds and approve all their ecclesiastical appointments.

Depressing as Dr. Shuster's story is, he does reassure us on one point. The central life of the Catholic Church has not yet been extinguished. The old Protestant Reformers, with deadly insight, drove straight to the heart of things: they abolished the Mass. The Communists, led astray by their own contemptuous materialism, have let it continue. And perhaps, in some way we cannot yet foresee, that enduring Presence will prove to be a force overturning the calculations of commissars.

**RUSSIA BY THE BACK DOOR.** By Leon Maks. 264 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50. These are reminiscences of a member of the Polish Home Army who experienced both German and Soviet occupations of Poland. The author traveled over 13,000 miles of Russia as an underground agent and his eye-witness story contains more authentic and revealing incidents of life in Russia than most books on the subject. While reinforcing familiar observations such as that "Russia is the greatest concentra-

tion camp in the world," he also points up numerous human touches. Seldom has the bestiality of the Russian soldiers been so emphasized.

Two of his passing comments bear quotation: "The pursuit of alcohol is the Achilles' heel of the Red Army" and "There is no country in the world with so many baths as Russia, and no population so invariably lice-ridden." Of particular interest to those who are Polish, it can be read with profit by all who wonder what conditions are like behind the Iron Curtain.

**THE PROMISED WOMAN.** Edited by Stanley Mathews. S. M. 316 pages. Grail. \$1.00. This is an anthology of writings on the Immaculate Conception of Mary. Brother Mathews, who has edited the material, writes in his preface that not a single book on the Immaculate Conception has been published in the United States in twenty-five years. That fact indicates the place this book will fill.

The first two parts are concerned with the Immaculate Conception in the teaching of the Church and as an apostolic influence. There is here, perhaps necessarily, a certain amount of repetition, especially in explaining the doctrine and treating its historical development. The third part is a collection of devotional writings in praise of the Immaculate Conception; here are such writers as Bossuet, Knox, and Leen. The fourth part is a collection of apologetical writings. The last part is a collection of documents of the Popes and the American Hierarchy.

*The Promised Woman* will undoubtedly be an important reference work. Brother Mathews will be thanked by many for putting in easy reach some important and inspiring writings. The general reader will probably have to take small portions at a time and pass over others.

**THE TRIPTYCH OF THE KINGDOM.** By van Doornik, Jelsma, and van de Lisdonk. 491 pages. Newman. \$4.75. A subtitle more revealing than its title indicates that this is "a handbook of the Catholic Faith." Its authors are associated with the Una Sancta convert movement in Holland. Written precisely to introduce prospective converts to the Catholic Faith, it is one of the few really satisfactory books for this purpose. It does not depend on Catholic predispositions as do many of the excellent Catholic instruction books. It immediately faces up to the alien content of the non-Catholic mentality and goes to work at that point. The many people who are constantly inquiring for a volume which will fairly present the Catholic Faith to a non-Catholic friend or relative will be glad to settle for *The Triptych of the Kingdom*.



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# The Sign

## ARE SCIENTISTS GETTING RELIGION?

(Continued from page 11)

ing charity and unselfishness. Some were Catholics, some Protestants, some Jewish, and even a few were professed atheists, or "agnostics." The other group—and this is news from a scientist—were the Catholic saints!

The results of the study were a little disappointing. There was nothing much he could find out about these two groups of people by scientific methods. He found that among the American Good Neighbors there were more women than men, whereas among the saints there are more men than women. He also noted, for what it is worth, that a surprisingly large proportion of the officially canonized saints came from the upper classes, nobility and even royalty. When a noble or a king lives the life of a saint, he cannot help being conspicuous; but a saint does not believe in advertising himself, and obviously there are countless thousands of people in more humble stations who lead lives of wonderful charity, without ever being particularly noticed.

IT would not be practical to expect a scientist to say anything about love of God. There are scientists who believe in God, of course, but unfortunately there is still a tradition of putting God, as it were, in one pocket and science in the other.

We hear much less than we used to about the "conflict between science and religion." Practically all scientists would probably agree that there isn't any conflict. But there isn't any true harmony either. Religion is given its "field" and science is given its "field" and they are told not to tread on one another's toes. The idea that there is *one* truth, not divided into "fields," is not popular among modern scientists.

A scientist who believes in God is not supposed to mention Him *when he is speaking as a scientist*.

And so the astronomers and physicists discover God, and call Him The Great Mathematician; the biologists find an entirely new principle in life, and it is called Co-operation; and the psychiatrists discover Love and call it Affirmation of other persons. The first and great commandment, the Love of God, has not yet been officially "discovered" by scientists. But neither do they claim to have discovered anything that goes against it.

Formerly, science met religion on a battlefield. Now, they are at least neighbors. Soon they will be good neighbors. And we may hope that, in time, the feeling that one part of truth is divided against another will be no more, but all will be seen as part of the one Truth—God's Truth.

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## LONG-DISTANCE LOVER

(Continued from page 19)

photograph with an inscription written by one of the people in that department." She smiled. "Oh, it looks something like the actor's signature. At least, it's supposed to."

She turned to her dressing table and began touching up her makeup.

"Just before I came on this tour," she went on, "a woman who works in that department came to me. She's a widow, a middle-aged woman. She lost her son in the war. He was about as old as Art. She showed me a letter and a picture Art had sent. It was obvious someone had been playing a joke on him. He looked like such a nice fellow—he is a nice fellow—that she couldn't bear to think of his being disappointed and humiliated. So she wrote him back and signed my name to it. He kept writing and she kept writing back. The thing sort of snowballed."

I sat down heavily. Poor Art! I gave her a rather unfriendly look. "So now what?" I exclaimed. "The poor peasant has had his hour at court, now he's supposed to go back to his hut. Is that it?" I was just starting to get mad. "Do you realize the notions you've filled that kid with! He's liable to quit his job and go to Hollywood to be near you."

Then I saw how concerned she was and I felt like a boor.

"I just didn't want to hurt him," she said quietly.

I stood up. "I know," I said. "Maybe it'll work out all right."

But I was far from happy as I walked to the bus with Art after the show. Butler had done a disappearing act. He'd been steamrollered. That was the only bright spot I could see.

"Well, how does it feel to be pals with a movie star," I said with a heartiness I didn't feel. I had to say something.

Art was hopping along like a kid just out of the circus. Yet there seemed a new maturity about him, too, somehow. I think it came from confidence.

"She's a wonderful girl," he said.

"Yes," I murmured.

"But you know, Mac, she isn't for me."

I stared at him.

"I mean she lives in an entirely different world from mine. Besides, no man—really no man—could live up to a girl like her." He grinned at me. "Give me an ordinary girl. Just an average, lovely girl."

I felt my spirits lift and I almost broke into a jig.

Art Thop grasped my arm. "Say, Mac, you know, I think I'll hit Peggy Morris for a date."

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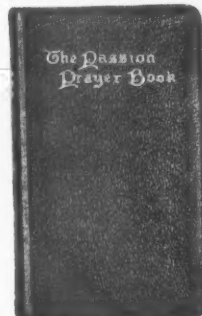
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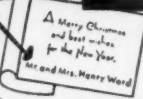
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## FIFTEEN RULES FOR MENTAL HEALTH

(Continued from page 45)

longed periods of gloom and sadness are detrimental to both our physical and mental health. Put to flight the devil of gloom by simply acting as if you were happy. For by so doing you are applying a fundamental law of psychology. Every idea tends naturally to translate itself into action.

What do you do when you are happy? Call up your friends, indulge in your hobby, give someone a verbal pat on the back, hum a tune, give thought to your successes, vigorously attack the work at hand? Whatever it is, do it. Act as if you were happy. It is because body and mind are so intimately united that this rule is so effective in bringing about results.

15. *Learn to laugh at yourself.* Cultivate a saving sense of humor. Those who have a sense of humor save themselves from many of life's bruises, shield themselves from untold mental torture, and lead more peaceful lives. Many people take themselves too seriously and thus make themselves miserable.

**T**O cultivate a sense of humor, we must realize we are human and are bound to make mistakes, and, secondly, that life is not a primrose path of successive triumphs. Life is a struggle. Each person has his own cross to bear. If we face this fact squarely, we will realize that troubles are the lot of man and that it is natural for difficulties to increase as we increase our efforts and achievements. If we face these facts, we shall not find it so difficult to laugh at ourselves when we occasionally stumble.

The Christian belief in Providence is likewise a great help in this direction as well as a great consolation; namely, that there is a reason behind everything that happens—that everything that happens works out in the end for our ultimate good, if not here, then in the world hereafter. Life is like a tapestry—we see merely the loose ends and the lack of pattern on the underside. All events and problems will take on their true meaning only after we have crossed into the great beyond when we will be able to view the tapestry from the top-side and behold the completed pattern for which everything that went before was necessary. Realizing this it will be easier to refrain from being mentally perturbed when crosses beset our path. It will be easier to smile at ourselves when the going gets rough, always remembering that a sense of humor is to life what shock-absorbers and rubber tires are to an automobile—they take the bumps out of the road that lies ahead.

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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

tasteful to have to write such a letter to a Catholic publication, but believe me, you are doing a very distinct disservice to the church, to the spread of truth, and to the country to help spread the fundamental tenets of socialism, which is always and everywhere opposed to God and to religion. I am charitable enough to believe you do not do it knowingly, but that only makes the matter more pathetic.

If you must have a section devoted to these subjects, then I plead with you, be sure you know what you are writing.

JOSEPH A. HAID

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

### Who is Who

The *Catholic Dictionary* by Attwater states that the Trinitarians (Order of the Most Holy Trinity) were founded as Canons Regular in 1198, and a later branch, the Discalced, became Friars in 1609 and constitute the present Order. Their habit is similar to the Dominican but is distinguished by a blue and red cross on the breast of the scapular.

The terms monk and friar are often interchangeable in popular usage. It is to be noted that monks and friars have this in common: choral recitation of the Divine Office (the Breviary). Monks, usually, are attached to a certain monastery for life, according to the vow of stability in Saint Benedict's Rule. Friars are members of a Province and may be residents of several monasteries in succession, according to their assignments.

ADELARD L. BENGLE

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The Trinitarians are Friars. Monks, essentially, lead a more or less contemplative life apart from the world. The Friars' exercise of the Sacred Ministry (preaching, soliciting alms, etc.) is inconsistent with the monastic ideal. The four mendicant orders of the common law are the Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Augustinians. The lesser Friars are the Servites, Trinitarians, Mercedarians, Minims, Brothers of St. John of God, and the Order of Penitence. Besides the Benedictines and their various modifications, the best-known monks are the Carthusians, Premonstratensians, and Camaldolese.

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the couple expect God's blessing on their union if they excluded Him except for an occasional Sunday Mass? From whom would they receive strength and courage for just ordinary daily differences and difficulties?

Now that his daughter is contemplating marriage, Anonymous says there is nothing he nor his wife can do. Hasn't he learned anything which would have helped him over the rough spots that he can pass on?

NAME WITHHELD

ST. LOUIS, MO.

**Battle with O'Brien**

Have just finished reading (all but the last paragraph) "The Battle for Congress," by John C. O'Brien, in the June issue.

In his next to the last paragraph he states: "The disregard of civil rights by Congressional committees investigating subversion has alienated a lot of voters."

Obviously, Mr. O'Brien doesn't know what he is talking about . . .

In the future, I shall read no article by Mr. O'Brien which may appear in THE SIGN.

MRS. ALMA I. ROSSER

MT. RAINIER, MD.

**Better Late . . .**

May I thank you for your exquisite Christmas reproduction of one of Raphael's Madonnas? It will be treasured by all who love Our Lady and who meditate on the mystery of the Incarnation of Christ and on the divine maternity of His Mother.

May I vigorously protest against the false charges made in a letter in your February issue? It is headed "Raphael's Madonna:—Art?"—page 79.

The first charge—"The Medieval and Renaissance artists portrayed Our Saviour in the same manner as their pagan deities"—the truth is that they had no pagan deities. They were devout, well-informed Catholics working for the Popes and the Italian hierarchy under the closest supervision of the clergy.

Any one who accuses them of "unspeakable sacrilege" is at the same time criticizing all the popes and clergy who directed their work and placed it in the Vatican and in the churches and monasteries. They are also criticizing the present Holy Father and St. Pius X for leaving these "profanations" in the Sistine Chapel, in the loggias of the Vatican, and in the churches and monasteries where tourists and clergy see them every day.

The writer objected to the unclad Christ Child. Would she also condemn Christ for hanging naked on the Cross?

ANNE WARD

ELMHURST, N. Y.

**Movie Dilemma**

The life of an editor is not all a bed of roses. I have a bone to pick.

I look forward to each issue for the "Stage and Screen" reviews—which I greatly appreciate—even more so than the Legion of Decency lists—only to find that the particular movie has already been downtown or, in the case of a well-publicized movie, not yet listed.

What I enjoy most of your reviews are the synopses—by which I can read what the

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show is about and decide whether or not it suits my taste before I see it.

Also, the Legion of Decency had *The Naked Jungle* listed as A-2—I thought it was very educational.

MICHAEL J. SHEA

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

### Teen-Age Crime

May I commend you on your view concerning the problem of juvenile delinquency. I, as a juvenile, agree that a large amount of juvenile delinquency is due to lack of parental guidance; but I believe that teen-agers are inclined to become content with blaming their weaknesses on their parents, many of whom are just and loving. We fail to appreciate the hardships they endure for us. We also fail to realize that in return they deserve our love and respect.

MARY LOU SCHEID

AUSTIN, MINN.

### Cat and Mouse

May God bless you and all your associates for your most wonderful weapon of truth, THE SIGN, without which we would not be able to make "head nor tail" of current events. It has become our newspaper to the extent that, when something occurs of a controversial nature, my husband and I say, "Wait till we see what THE SIGN says about it," and we withhold our opinion for your coverage. This has been especially true on the issues of Zionism, Korea, etc.

One of the items which gave us particular interest was the "debate" between Katherine Burton and Father Cantillon, S. J. We watched this develop with zest since Father Cantillon was the priest who married us in St. Peter's in Jersey City. With spirited "Jesuitical" strategy, he seemed to play "cat and mouse" like a master.

MRS. J. J. SCOTTO

PORTLAND, MAINE

### The Music Goes Round . . .

Nostalgia of the Oldsters for "those dreadful hymns"!

Unfortunately God has not blessed all of us with voices, or understanding, or appreciation of music—as a consequence, the type of Church music approved by Mr. Hume leaves us cold.

We all agreed God is entitled to the highest and best in everything that can be accorded Him but on the other hand seeing the little boys in their blue and white outfits—the little girls in white dresses and veils—all singing hymns and I may add very well too—as I saw them at our May Day Crowning, makes one feel more grateful to God for the manifold blessings received, than listening to the organ bellowing and some female screeching at the top of her lungs.

Our Blessed Mother didn't appear in the courtyards of the so-called music lovers (many of whom cover up their ignorance of music by sheer pretense)—NO, she came to three innocent country children who, no doubt, could very beautifully sing "Bring Flowers of the Rarest" and never heard Gregorian Chant.

Don't misunderstand me—I approve heartily of Gregorian Chant—but—perhaps Mr. Hume could suggest ways and means to

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if a job is to be well done.

K. KAVANAUGH

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

## The Sign and the Foreign Legion

Being still in the Garrison Infirmary undergoing "repairs" it gave me the greatest  
of pleasure to receive the December and  
January issues of THE SIGN yesterday.

I also received two back numbers from a  
nice Catholic family with whom I correspond  
in Buffalo, N. Y. Without any exaggeration  
at all, THE SIGN is the best medicine I've  
received since being on the "sick list." Words  
from such a humble pen as mine cannot fully  
express the spiritual, moral, and mental uplift  
which your magazine proves to be to a Legionnaire  
in this Communist-ridden land of Indo-China.

The "Rice Bowl" of Indo-China is red with  
the blood of Foreign Legionnaires who fight  
against the divisions of Ho-Chi-Minh. In the  
Legion we have men of all colors, creeds, and  
nationalities who for their own personal reasons  
choose to fight, with every ounce of their strength,  
the evils of Communism.

Many of my comrades are fighting for their  
daily bread. I personally am doing five years of  
self-inflicted penance for having been fool enough  
to listen to the propaganda of Communism after my  
return from a Japanese Prisoner-of-War Camp. I  
even exposed myself to the danger of losing my  
Christian beliefs altogether.

However, today I am spiritually stronger than  
I ever was, my old mother's prayers for me the  
"Black Sheep" of her fold triumphed over the  
forces of evil, and during this period of exile I'm  
doing my best to prove myself a more worthy son  
of such a good staunch Catholic mother, who has  
even risen from her sick bed to walk through the  
snow to Mass and Communion offered up for my  
return to the Faith.

The Legion is a hard school to learn in, and  
though I haven't made my fortune as a Foreign  
Legionnaire I have gained something far greater  
than material wealth. I have earned the French  
"Colonial Medal" and the "Croix de Guerre" with  
Silver Star, but best of all I have found God again.

JIM HORKINS

PARIS, FRANCE

## "My Mission in Spain"

I hope you will use your publication to  
protest the "big lie" and irresponsible well-  
come given Claude Bowers' *My Mission in Spain*,  
in the "New York Times Book Review" for June  
13. It begins "We have been waiting fourteen  
years for this book" and contradicts without  
proof the account given in Carleton Hayes' *War-  
time Mission in Spain*, Macmillan '45, and Brig.  
General McNeill-Moss' *Seige of Alcazar*, Knopf '47,  
and Arnold Lunn's *Spanish Rehearsal*, Sheed '37.

Communists in New York bought up Professor  
Hayes' book as soon as it was published. We have  
not the right to let a lie that endangers Western  
Europe build up again.

SISTER MARGARET TERESA  
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